THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JULY, 1913

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Old Time Spirit

EVIDENTLY the "good old days" of Donnybrook Fair criticism are not entirely gone. We find the following paragraph in a recent issue of the London *Academy*, which, in the not very remote past, was itself somewhat inclined to belligerency:

> We should like to enter a vigorous protest against the coarseness that passes under the heading of "Reviews" in a certain undistinguished weekly contemporary. "The *Manchester Guardian*," we read, "compares Mr. ——— with Heine, Mr. Yeats, and Henley; we compare him with a monkey, a barrel-organ, and an ungreased sausage machine." Then, after a short quotation, follows a sentence so offensive that we will not reproduce it. Fortunately, most authors are aware that this sort of would-be smart writing is worthless, considered as criticism; the pity of it is that papers can be found so utterly oblivious to good taste as to print such hopeless, gutter-bred paragraphs.

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The Real Charley Steele

With Volume XII in the uniform edition of the works of Sir Gilbert Parker, we come to *The Right of Way*, unquestionably the author's most powerful and popular book. When he was writing it Parker realised its importance. He confessed that he was a bit of a fool over it. It aroused all the old ardent dreams of youth and springtime. He could not lay it down, and he could not shorten it. The novel was to make or break him—prove him human and an artist or an affected literary bore. Of course when *The Right of Way* was finished there were innumerable inquisitive letters about the relations of Charley and Rosalie. To these letters there was but one reply. It was that all the author had meant to say concerning these unhappy yet happy people had been said in the book, to the last word. All that he had meant not to say would not be said after the book was written. Thirteen years had gone by since Gilbert Parker wrote Finis to *The Right of Way*, yet that controversy about Charley Steele and Rosalie Evanturel still continues.

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There have been many statements as to the original of Charley Steele, but Sir Gilbert Parker says that he has never seen a story which was true. Many people have told him that they have seen the original Charley Steele in an American lawyer. They knew he was the original, because he himself had said so. As a matter of fact the author has never seen him. The real Charley Parker he knew as a boy. He died long ago. For over twenty years before writing *The Right of Way* the novelist had carried him in his mind, wondering whether, and when, he should make use of him. Again and again he was tempted, but was never convinced that the time had come, for the life story of Charley Steele seemed to end with his death at the Côte Dorian.

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There came a day, however, when that all ended, when the doors were flung wide to a new conception of the man, and of what he might have become. I was going to America, and I paid an angry and reluctant visit to my London tailor thirty-six hours before I was to start. A suit of clothes had been sent home which, after an effective trying-on, was a monstrosity. I went straight to my tailor, put on the clothes, and bade him look at them. He was a great tailor—he saw exactly what I saw, and what I saw was bad; and when a tailor will do that, you may be quite sure he is a good and a great man. He said the clothes were as bad as they could be, but he added: "You shall have them before you sail, and they shall be exactly as you want them. I'll have the foreman down." He rang a bell. Presently the door swung open and in stepped a man with an eyeglass in his eye. There, with a look at once reflective and penetrating, with a figure at once slovenly and alert, was a caricature of Charley Steele as I had known him, and of all his characteristics. There was such a resemblance as an ugly child in a family may have to his handsome brother. It was Charley Steele with a twist—gone to seed. Looking at him in blank amazement, I burst out: "Good heavens, so you didn't die, Charley Steele! You became a tailor!"

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Readers of Sir Gilbert Parker's *The Weavers* have endeavoured to identify the leading characters of the story with actual figures in Anglo-Egyptian and official public life. David Claridge has been regarded by many persons as having been drawn from General Gordon. Sir Gilbert, however, assures us that he was entirely a creature of the imagination, though he concedes that, as he was saturated with all that has been written about Gordon, it is quite possible that something of the great man may have found its way into the character. The true story of David Claridge, however, may be found in a short story called "All the World's Mad" in *Donovan Pasha,* which was originally published by Lady Randolph Churchill in the *Anglo-Saxon Review.*

The truth is that David Claridge has his origin in a fairly close understanding of, and interest in, Quaker life. I had Quaker relatives through the marriage of a connection of my mother, and the original of Benn Claridge, the uncle of David, is still alive, a very old man, who in my boyhood days wore the broad brim and the straight preacher-like coat of the old-fashioned Quaker. The grandmother of my wife was also a Quaker, and used the "thee" and "thou" until the day of her death.

Let me say that criticism came to me from several quarters both in England and America on the use of these words *thee* and *thou,* and statements were made that the kind of speech which I put into David Claridge's mouth was not Quaker speech. For instance, they would not have it that a Quaker would say, "Thee will go with me"—as though they were ashamed of the sweet inaccuracy of the objective pronoun being used in the nominative; but hundreds of times I have myself heard Quakers use "thee" in just such a way in England and America. The facts are, however, that Quakers differ extensively in their habits, and there grew up in England among the Quakers in certain districts a sense of shame for false grammar which, to say the least, was very childish. To be deliberately and boldly ungrammatical, when you serve both euphony and simplicity, is merely to give archaic charm, not to be guilty of an offence. I have friends in Derbyshire who still say "Thee thinks," etc., and I must confess that the picture of a Quaker rampant over my deliberate use of this well-authenticated form of speech produced to my mind only the effect of an infuriated sheep, when I remembered the peaceful attribute of Quaker life and character. From another quarter came the assurance that I was wrong when I set up a tombstone with a name upon it in a Quaker graveyard. I received a sarcastic letter from a lady on the borders of Sussex and Surrey upon this point, and I immediately sent her a first-class railway ticket to enable her to visit the Quaker churchyard at Croydon, in Surrey, where dead and gone Quakers have tombstones by the score, and inscriptions on them also. It is a good thing to be accurate, it is desperately essential in

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a novel. The average reader, in his triumph at discovering some slight error of detail, would consign a masterpiece of imagination, knowledge of life and character to the rubbish-heap.

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The Bigelow Recollections

A little over three years ago there appeared the first three volumes of John Bigelow's *Retrospections of an Active Life*. Of these volumes we then said that they were veritable mines of anecdote, to be placed on a convenient shelf, and to be browsed over at leisure. There is no reason why we should say anything different of Volumes IV and V, which have just come from the press of Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company, except that they are not quite so rich in literary anecdote as were the first three volumes. Even at that they give us some entertaining and seemingly fresh impressions of Byron, and Dickens, and Bulwer Lytton, and Samuel Rogers. Of course the anecdotes about Byron came to Mr. Bigelow at second hand. They were told him by the German, von Bunsen, who had heard them from his father. One of them concerned the authorship of the famous poem on the burial of Sir John Moore. All England talked of it, and it was assumed that there were but two men who could have written it, Tom Moore and Lord Byron. Moore promptly came forward and said that he had not written it, glad as he would have been to have done so. Byron, on the other hand, never contradicted the report as to himself, but allowed it to prevail. In von Bunsen's opinion, Byron was one of the worst men that ever lived. Von Bunsen's father had told him that Byron seemed always to be acting.

When the order was sent to Thorwaldsen at Rome for Byron's bust by some of his (Byron's) admirers, Thorwaldsen said to Mr. von Bunsen senior that he could not take the bust of a man he had not known; he would like to meet and have a little conversation with him. Von Bunsen senior brought them together at his house two or three times. When Byron went to Thorwaldsen's atelier to sit, Thorwaldsen, who was making the preliminary work, more or less independent of the sitter, at last turned to him to get a definite impression. On the instant Byron drew himself up and gave to his face a theatrical expression as far as possible from that with which Thorwaldsen was familiar. "Why, my Lord," said Thorwaldsen, "that is not your face." "That is the way I wish it to go down to posterity," replied Byron.

AUSTIN DOBSON'S BOOKPLATE

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Another anecdote about Byron concerns Samuel Rogers, who was the author of *Pleasures of Memory*, and who, in 1850, declined the English laureateship. When Rogers was in Italy Byron suddenly began a most fervent correspondence with him, saying that he would return to England covered with glory. In time Rogers returned. Byron gave a great dinner in his honour, to which he invited every one that was famous. Rogers had the seat of honour, was to lead the conversation, and the greatest deference was apparently paid by Byron to what he said. The invitation had been accepted by Rogers with the understanding that he was to leave early to meet a previous engagement elsewhere. In due time he took his departure. Byron followed him to his coach with as much attention as if he were a Minister of State. When the door finally closed upon

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the retiring guest, Byron returned, went to Rogers's seat, plucked out a poem from under the cushion and read it aloud. It was the most venomous and merciless satire upon Rogers and his poetry that could be written by a man with Byron's genius and devilish disposition.

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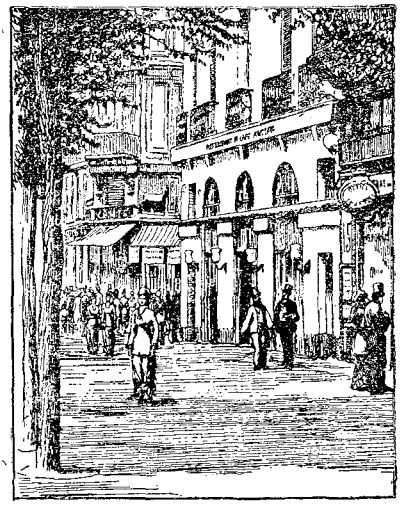
If Byron was possessed of an enormous vanity Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton was quite his equal in that respect. There



THE CAFÉ ANGLAIS

was a medium by the name of Home who in the course of an eventful life held spiritualistic meetings in the United States, England, and on the Continent of Europe; was expelled from Rome as a sorcerer; married twice, each time to a Russian lady of rank; and published various books. Home was particularly disliked by Charles Dickens, who applied to him all the hard names of which he could think. Mr. Bigelow once remarked to Dickens that Bulwer had faith in the medium. "Oh, yes," Dickens replied, "but you see Bulwer is deaf and does not like to have it remarked; so Home would say, 'Do you hear those raps?' and Bulwer would say, 'Oh yes, I heard them perfectly.' "

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Once Mr. Bigelow asked Dickens if in any of his novels he had ever given prominence to a nobleman, remarking that he could recall none. The novelist replied that the only case—or the nearest to it—was perhaps a Baronet in *Bleak House*.

I remarked that his stories had in this respect seemed to mark an era in the history of literary fiction. The older romances usually turned upon the fortunes of princes and princesses. Then came the stories of high life. He said he knew that, and wrote with that view. He then added that he had often been called to account by the aristocracy about that, and his usual reply to them had been, "You have had your day; I mean now to give those a chance who have not had theirs." This was interesting. It is curious to see fiction's sympathy with history, and how, as common people are becoming heroes, a novelist is always the first to become their biographer.

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Souvenirs and Regrets

The Café Anglais is no more. The famous restaurant in the Boulevard des Italiens closed its doors early in April. In recent years the Café Anglais has been known chiefly by the quality of its cooking and of its wines. Formerly it was a sort of monument in literary Paris. Aurélien Scholl, the last of the great "boulevardiers," was faithful to it till his death. In the days of the Second Empire it was a kind of a literary club. There Méry, Alphonse Karr, Jules Janin, and Théophile Gautier sat side by side. They breakfasted with great noblemen, the Duc de Granmont-Caderouse and the Prince Demidoff. One night in the winter of 1866 Demidoff entertained his friends at the Café Anglais at a supper that cost him thirty-five thousand francs. Even this prodigality did not equal that of the elder Dumas. The good Alexandre divided his time on the boulevard between the old Maison Dorée and the Café Anglais, and at a table in the latter restaurant he was in the habit of writing his daily contribution to his newspaper, *Le Mousquetaire*.

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The New Balzac

Mr. Cleveland Palmer, in his article on "Some Modern French Etchers," in the April number of THE BOOKMAN, referred to a new edition of the complete works of Balzac, for which the well-known French artist, Charles Huard, who married the daughter of Francis Wilson, was making the illustrations. The first volumes of this new edition, which enjoys the unusual distinction of being printed at the Imprimérie Nationale, or government printing office, in Paris, and which is here published by Brentano's, have now reached this country. We reproduce herewith some of M. Huard's black-and-white drawings, including his interesting study of Balzac himself, which serves as a frontispiece. All the pictures, of which it is announced that there will be some fifteen hundred, are being engraved on wood, and for this purpose are drawn directly on the block by the artist himself, just as Doré and so many other famous French and English illustrators used to draw them in the palmy days of the nineteenth century before the advent of photographic reproduction. Not only has M. Huard admirably caught the spirit of Balzac's characters, but his costumes and accessories are so accurately studied from the 1830 period, that they might well be the work of a contemporary illustrator.

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The new edition, which really is a new edition and not merely a reprint, since the text is being carefully revised and many useful notes, bibliographical

BALZAC. FROM THE DRAWING BY CHARLES HUARD

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DRAWING FOR "LE BAL DE SCEAUX," BY CHARLES HUARD

and explanatory, are added, is planned to run to forty volumes. There will also be three supplementary volumes, one containing a life of Balzac, the author of which is as yet unannounced, another, a series of notices on the literary history of the works of Balzac, in which there will be identified, as far as possible, the real types which served as models for the personages of *The Comédie Humaine,* as well as of the historical events and other incidents which inspired Balzac with his plots, and finally, a third volume will contain a general alphabetical table of the names of characters, of places, and of things—the household furnishings and so forth on which so much stress has been laid by Brunetière and others as making Balzac not only the first French realist, but the social historian of the bourgeois monarchy of Louis Philippe. In anticipation of this last feature, there is annexed to each volume of *La Comédie Humaine* a "little biographical lexicon," as the editors express it, something really rendered necessary for the reader, since the order in which Balzac arranged his works in this colossal scheme for the purpose of illustrating the life of the period, is not the biographical order of the characters themselves.

Maupassant and Van Gogh

Maupassant's name appears very often in the familiar correspondence of Vincent Van Gogh (*The Letters of a Post-Impressionist*). But it would seem that this ill-fated Dutch painter never met the great French writer. Yet they must have been near each other many times between 1885 and 1890 without knowing it. For Van Gogh, like Maupassant, was an extravagant lover of the Midi, and lived both at Arles and at St. Remy. It was in connection with the women of the former city, so much admired both by "François" and his master, as the former told us in the *Recollections* which appeared last year, that Van Gogh, who wished to paint them, wrote: "But—I do not feel that this is my allotted task—I am not enough of a 'Bel-Ami' for the work. But . . . I should be mightily glad, I say, if an artist could be born among painters, such as Guy de Maupassant among writers, who could joyfully paint the beautiful people and things which are to be found here." He adds: "I cannot imagine this painter of the future leading the life I lead. He would not have to go to small restaurants, wear false teeth, and visit third-rate cafés frequented by Zouaves."

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DRAWING FOR "LA MAISON DU CHAT QUI PELOTTE," BY CHARLES HUARD

Here, doubtless, we get a glimpse of the real reason why the two men did not meet. There was a wide gulf between the prosperous, sleek, well-groomed author who went everywhere, and the poor artist who, supported by his brother, lived once for four days on twenty-three cups of coffee, and often dined on a crust.

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The most interesting passage in the letters is that in which Van Gogh describes his method of painting a portrait. "Just suppose," he says, "that I am to paint the portrait of an artist friend—an artist who dreams great dreams and who works as the nightingale sings, simply because it is his nature to do so. Let us imagine him a fair man. All the love I feel for him I should like to reveal in my painting of the picture. To begin with, then, I paint him just as he is, as faithfully as possible—still this is only the beginning. The picture is by no means finished at this stage. Now I begin to apply the colour arbitrarily. I exaggerate the tone of his fair hair; I take orange, chrome, and dull lemon yellow. Behind his head, instead of the trivial wall of the room—I paint infinity. I make a simple background out of the richest of blues, as strong as my palette will allow. And thus, owing to this simple combination, the fair and luminous head has the mysterious effect, upon the rich blue background, of a star suspended in dark ether." This arbitrary method of using colour was, as M. Charles Moreau-Vauthier tells us in *The Technique of Painting,* recently translated, that employed by the artists of ancient Egypt, and many examples of it in the primitive pictorial work of all races, are shown by H. G. Spearing, in *The Childhood of Art.* Doubtless it is some such influence from the remote past, brought to bear through archæological research and scholarship, that has affected so many modern artists, and produced a reaction against the naturalistic tradition of so many centuries.

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Sir James Barrie

We extend cordial congratulation to the author of *The Little Minister, A Window in Thrums, Auld Licht Idylls* and other books too familiar to need mentioning. To our way of thinking a baronetcy is rather an inadequate reward in view of his fine services to literature, and such as it is, it has been entirely too long in

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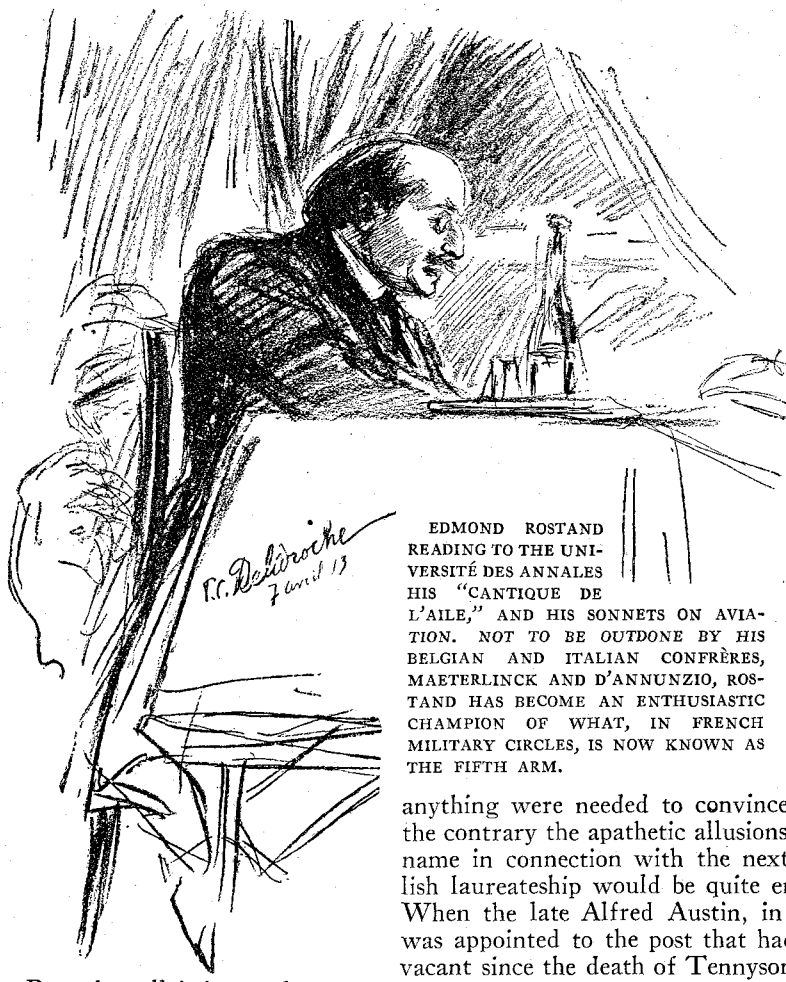

EDMOND ROSTAND READING TO THE UNIVERSITÉ DES ANNALES HIS "CANTIQUE DE L'AILE," AND HIS SONNETS ON AVIATION. *NOT TO BE OUTDONE BY HIS* BELGIAN AND ITALIAN CONFRÈRES, MAETERLINCK AND D'ANNUNZIO, ROSTAND HAS BECOME AN ENTHUSIASTIC CHAMPION OF WHAT, IN FRENCH MILITARY CIRCLES, IS NOW KNOWN AS THE FIFTH ARM.

coming. But after all it is not the mere knighthood usually conferred; Sir James is probably well pleased, and he is the one to be considered. Meanwhile, we are still waiting to hear of Sir Rudyard Kipling, or, even better, of Baron Kipling, of Rottingdean.

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The English Laureateship

From time to time we receive assurances that Rudyard Kipling's verse is quite as popular as it ever was, and that his name has the same magic ring that it had in the last two or three years of the nineteenth century. We should be very glad if we could believe all this to be true. But if anything were needed to convince us to the contrary the apathetic allusions to his name in connection with the next English laureateship would be quite enough. When the late Alfred Austin, in 1896, was appointed to the post that had been vacant since the death of Tennyson, conditions were far different from what they are to-day. Kipling was then not yet thirty-one years of age, and was still a rebellious, unconventional, and rather flippant spirit. Queen Victoria was on the throne, and Court circles had not yet recovered from the shock of his poetical allusions to the "little old widow of Windsor." Then again, another poet of the first order, Algernon Charles Swinburne, was still living, and also more or less in official disgrace. It was quite reasonable to explain the neglect of the one by reason of the existence of the other. To have appointed Mr. Kipling would have been a slight to Mr. Swinburne, and vice versa, which

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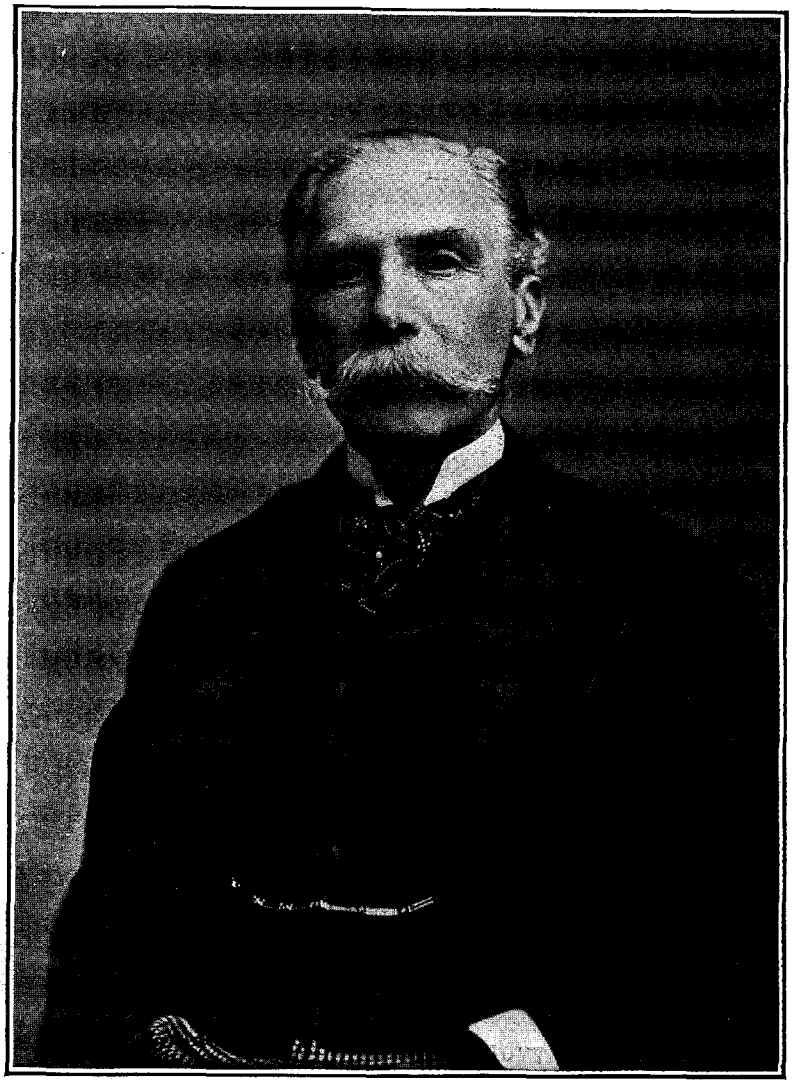

THE LATE ALFRED AUSTIN

extenuated the selection of respectable mediocrity in the person of Mr. Alfred Austin. But even under those conditions there was a strong party that urged almost passionately Rudyard Kipling's claim, pointing out that he was essentially the poet of empire and that his verse embodied the spirit and the ambition of the English race. To-day, if such a party exists, it has been strangely silent.

A great many persons will be inclined to laugh away the whole question with the remark that the poet laureateship of England is a matter of no great importance after all. But that is hardly sound in view of the glamour which Lord Tennyson brought to the title during his long tenure. There have been some great men among the laureates of England, and there is no sensible reason why there should not be another great man

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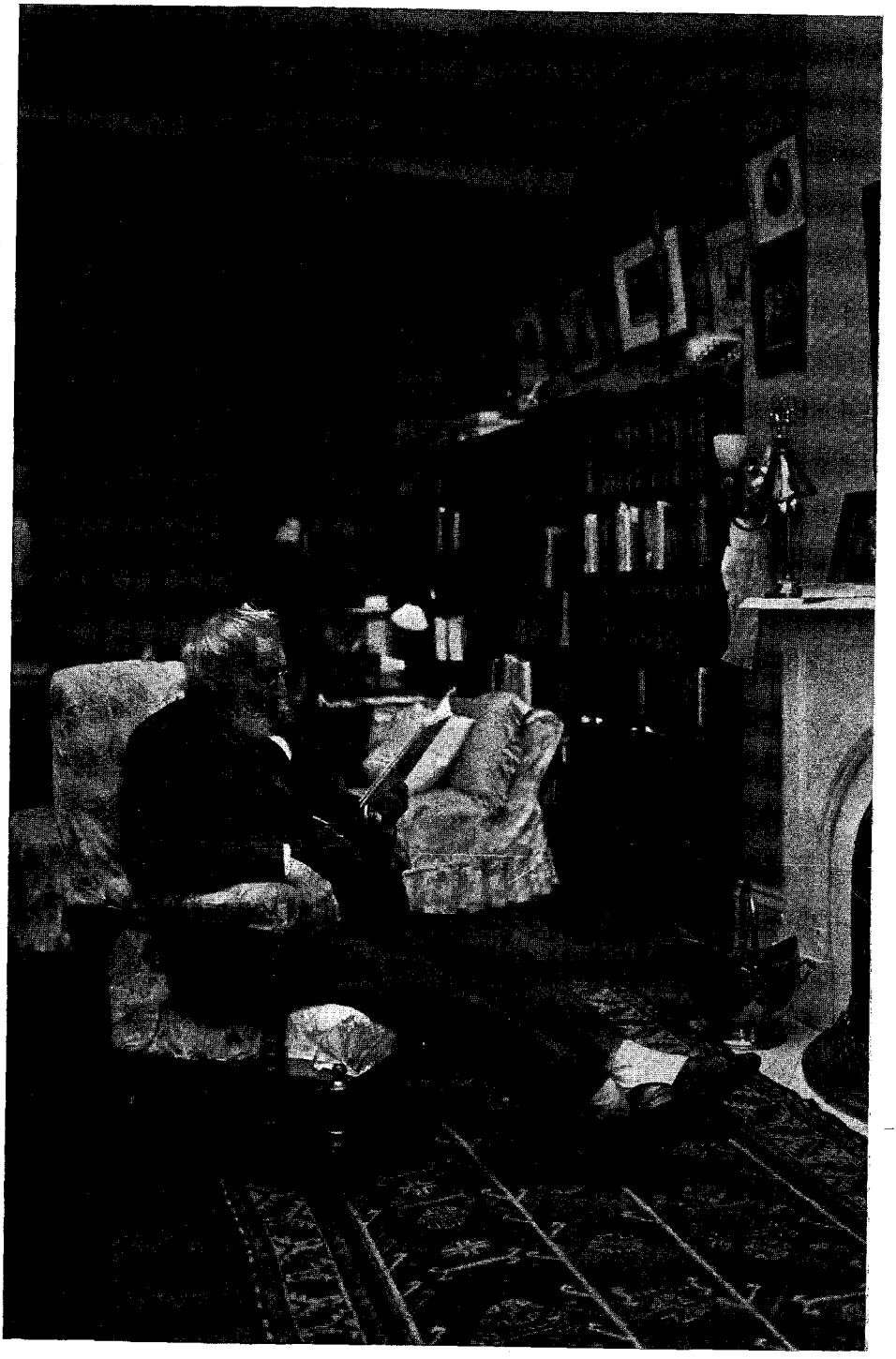

JOHN BIGELOW IN HIS STUDY

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TWO OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE

Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., the novelist and poet, and Mr. Edward Clodd, the author of "The Childhood of the World," on the beach at Aldeburgh in Suffolk, of which county Mr. Clodd has just been made a justice of the peace.

in the person of Rudyard Kipling. The objections to him that were brought forward seventeen years ago no longer hold. He has reached the years of discretion, and his present respectability is almost painfully emphatic. The post itself is fitted to the Kipling of to-day; his right to it rests on the splendid achievements of the Kipling of the past—the Kipling of the "Recessional," "The True Romance," "The Native Born," "McAndrews Hymn," "Tomlinson" and "Mandalay." We are not in the least lacking in esteem of the work of the several other gentlemen whose names have been suggested in connection with the next appointment. Mr. Stephen Phillips is an excellent poet, and so is Mr. Alfred Noyes. But despite the absolutely unromantic figure that is being cut to-day by the man who has been flippantly yet cleverly summed up as "Mr. Joseph R. Kipling," we cannot quite forget the fire and achievement of the old days. Think of him waiting until all of England's other poets had given to the world their polished and ephemeral little verses, and then, of how, like a trumpet call rang out:

God of our fathers, known of old
Lord of our far flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

They were wont to talk of his flippancy in the old days. Was it a flippant hand that penned, a flippant brain that saw, "The True Romance":

Thy face is far, from this our war,
Our call and counter cry.
I shall not find Thee quick and kind
Nor know Thee till I die.
Enough for me, in dreams to see
And touch Thy garment's hem;
Thy feet have trod so near to God
I may not follow them.

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A few lines in reminder about the history of the laureateship. Although the *International Encyclopædia* considers John Dryden to have been the first laureate, there seems to be no reason for withholding the title from Ben Jonson and Sir William Davenant. As a matter of fact the subsidising of writers of verse goes back many centuries. Robert

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HAROLD MAC GRATH. FROM A PAINTING BY KARL ANDERSON

Baston was paid minstrel to Edward II. Chaucer had a pitcher of wine daily from the table of Richard II, besides several royal grants, and was addressed as "laureate" by poetic disciples. In the reign of Henry VII, Skelton repeatedly described himself as "poet laureate," and Queen Elizabeth, in appreciation of *The Faerie Queene,* granted Spenser a pension of fifty pounds a year. But on February 1st, 1616, Jonson received the title of Poet Laureate and a pension of one hundred marks by Letters Patent under the Great Seal. The patent under which the existing laureateship is held is dated March 26, 1630. Jonson died in August, 1637. There was a delay of sixteen months before the laurel was conferred upon Sir William Davenant. With John Dryden, appointed in August, 1670, the post of Poet Laureate and historiographer royal were temporarily combined. Regarding Jonson, Davenant, and Dryden as the first, second, and third laureate respectively, subsequent laureates have been as follows: William Shadwell, fourth laureate, appointed 1689; Nahum Tate, fifth laureate, appointed 1692; Nicholas Rowe, sixth laureate, appointed 1715; Laurence Eusden, seventh laureate, appointed 1718; Colley Cibber, eighth laureate, appointed 1730; William Whitehead, ninth laureate, appointed 1758; Thomas Warton, tenth laureate, appointed 1785; Henry James Pye, eleventh laureate, appointed 1790; Robert Southey, twelfth laureate, appointed 1813; William Wordsworth, thirteenth laureate, appointed 1843; Alfred Tenny-

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son, fourteenth laureate, appointed 1850; and Alfred Austin, fifteenth laureate, appointed 1896. The longest time in which the title was in abeyance was from 1892 to 1896, from the death of Alfred Tennyson till the appointment of Alfred Austin. Tennyson (1850-1892) held the post the longest period of any of the laureates. The BOOKMAN for August, 1902, contained a complete set of portraits of the poets laureate of England with the exception of that of Nahum Tate, the fifth in the line of succession, of whom no known portrait is in existence.

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Borrow's Recrudescence

According to Mr. Clement K. Shorter in the London *Sphere,* Borrow is on the way to wonderful recrudescence at the moment. A Borrow Society has recently been organised, with the Lord Mayor of Norwich as its president. Norwich has at length awakened to the distinction of one of its two greater literary sons. It long since erected a monument to Sir Thomas Browne. It is no small thing that one city should have produced two masters in English prose in two separate epochs so supremely great as Browne and Borrow.

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Now as a general rule, we are very sceptical when we read about these so-called "recrudescences." Usually they are based on the slightest of grounds. But in the case of George Borrow there are perceptible reasons for a genuine recrudescence. Some months ago a reader of Jeffrey Farnol's *The Broad Highway* came to us with what he regarded as a discovery. "Do you know where Farnol got that book?" he said. "He simply rewrote Borrow's *Lavengro.*" Now, as a matter of fact, Mr. Farnol did nothing of the kind. He simply sensed that the time was ripe for a return to the romance of the road. He borrowed the Borrovian spirit, and produced *The Broad Highway,* and its successor, *The Amateur Gentleman,* and Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson followed in his footsteps with his delightful *The Happy Warrior.* To say that these writers owed a certain amount of their inspiration to Borrow does not in the least reflect on the originality of their achievement.

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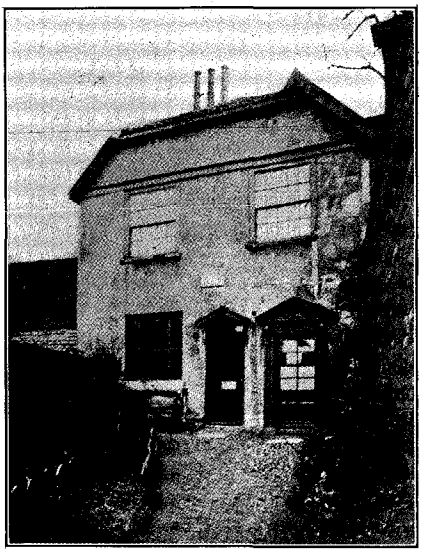
Men of Gettysburg

July 1st being the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of the battle of Gettysburg the month has marked the publication of the expected group of books dealing with the battle. Among others there are *The Life and Letters of General Meade,* Jesse Bowman Young's *The Battle of Gettysburg* and Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett's *Bugles of Gettysburg,* and *Pickett and His Men.* General Meade naturally



GEORGE BORROW'S HOUSE IN NORWICH

needs no introduction, and Mrs. Pickett is of course the widow of the man whose name is associated with the famous charge. The Reverend Jesse Bowman Young, the author of *The Battle of Gettysburg,* which is published by the Messrs. Harper, served during the war in the Union army, ending as a Captain in the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers. He has been in the Methodist ministry since 1868, and was for several years editor of the *Central Christian Advocate,* of St. Louis. He

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MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE GORDON MEADE

is the author of numerous books and articles on religious subjects. For twelve years after the war his ministerial duties carried him over a wide circuit in Pennsylvania, thus familiarising him with the territory. At the time of the battle he was a First Lieutenant.

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Bertha Runkle

It was ten or a dozen years ago that Miss Bertha Runkle was first widely exploited in connection with the publication of *The Helmet of Navarre*. *The Helmet of Navarre* was not at all a bad story, and in common with a great many other historical romances that were appearing about the same time, it served a useful purpose in illustrating how immeasurably the elder Dumas was beyond any and all of his imitators. *The Helmet of Navarre* is recalled by the recent publication of Miss Runkle's *The Scarlet Rider*, after a long period of apparent literary inactivity. The fact that Miss Runkle is being in a way reintroduced, gives us an opportunity of reprinting, from the pages of an old scrap book, a review of the earlier book, which we hold to be an admirable and instructive specimen of the book review at its very worst.

This exciting story charmingly told by the fair young authoress, foreshadows a brilliant future for her in the literary world.

The scene of the story is laid in Paris, during the investment of the city by King Henry of Navarre, previous to his entry of the city, to give his formal adherence to the Catholic Church.

JESSE BOWMAN YOUNG (STANDING) AND MAJOR-GENERAL SILAS CASEY (SITTING)

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The four days here described are full of adventure and narrow escapes.

The clash of the sword in the left hand of the chivalrous young knight makes one shudder. His reckless daring is only commensurate with a love that was deep and strong.

The revolt of the high bred and sweet spirited young girl against the wishes of her guardian in trying to make of her and her life's happiness a mere barter and trade is but the natural revolt of a true woman's heart.

The kindly interest of King Henry in the love affairs of these, his subjects, marks him as a warm-hearted and sympathetic man.

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S. C. Nethersole

There have been a great many books on how to make the home or the farm pay, but the latest method is that adopted by Miss S. C. Nethersole. Write a novel about it. Miss Nethersole comes of a long line of farmers, and though she has never actually gone out with the hoe herself, she has always been intensely interested in farming. "And so," she said

S. C. NETHERSOLE

BERTHA RUNKLE

when some one asked her about her recent story, *Wilsam,* a review of which will be found elsewhere in this issue, "what better could I do than to make farm people and farm life my characters and my scenes?" Miss Nethersole's home is an old farmhouse known as Crihall Court, which is in Kent "between the villages of Goodnestone and Staple, five miles from the ancient town of Sandwich." This quaint description seems almost to have been taken from the pages of *Wilsam.* Hops and hop-growing play a quite important part in *Wilsam,* and what Miss Nethersole says about this particular branch of agriculture proceeds from an intimate knowledge of the hop industry and has the interest of the unusual.

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Wilsam is not Miss Nethersole's first attempt at writing. "I have been doing such things ever since I can remember—short stories, agricultural articles and the like," she explains, "and though I prefer to *write* fiction, I prefer to read essays,

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GERALD STANLEY LEE

particularly those of Bacon, Hazlitt and Emerson." Seemingly without fear of her fellow-authors she openly declared in favour of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century novelists to those of today. "And my best loved pursuit, for of course you want to know what that is, as that is what an author is always asked, is not motoring, golfing, tennis or even reading; it is the collecting of old china and books, specialising in the latter in old histories and folk-lore of Kent. Or perhaps I should say," Miss Nethersole added naïvely, "this would be my favourite pursuit if I had the time and the money for it."

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A Visitor from Altruria

Doubtless one of the strangest of the many strange experiences that can happen to a publisher, was that of Doubleday, Page and Company recently, when from outside sources they heard that some one unknown to them was carrying on an extensive advertising campaign for one of the books on their list, and that the campaign was creating considerable stir among booksellers, advertisers and advertising men in Chicago, where it was being waged. In fact, one of the first results of this campaign felt by Doubleday, Page and Company was the doubling of orders from several of the book stores in Chicago. The visitor from Altruria evidently had read Gerald Stanley Lee's *Crowds,* and conceived it to be his duty to bring it to the attention of other business men like himself, to whom it would mean an expression of something that seemed to him good and important. Therefore, for the pure love of the thing, he wrote out nine or ten advertisements for *Crowds,* which appeared in the Chicago papers during the week following the publication of the book on June 4th.

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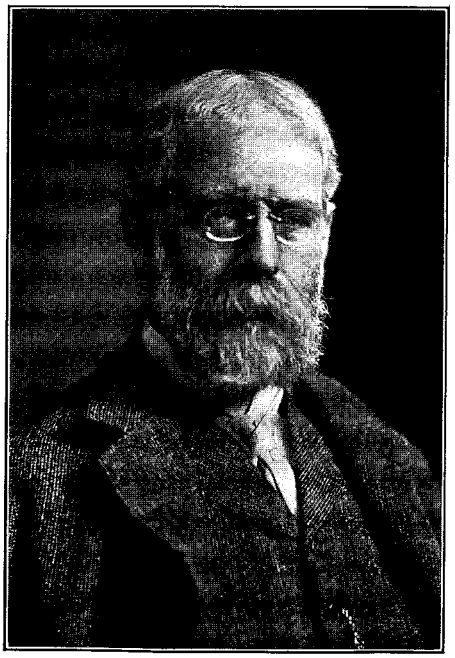
Robert Underwood Johnson

Another link with the American literary life of yesterday was broken when Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson resigned the editorship of the *Century Magazine,* a periodical with the fortunes of which he



ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

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had been associated for forty years. Mr. Johnson was born January 12, 1853, in Washington, D. C. At the age of eighteen he was graduated from Earlham College, an institution of the Society of Friends at Richmond, Indiana, and after two years in the western agency of the Scribner Educational Books, at Chicago, he became connected with *Scribner's Monthly*. Dr. Holland was then the Editor of the magazine, with Richard Watson Gilder as Associate Editor. In 1881 Dr. Holland died. Mr. Gilder became the Editor, and Mr. Johnson succeeded him as Associate Editor, a relation which continued till the time of Mr. Gilder's death. In addition to his editorial labours and other literary work, Mr. Johnson was actively connected with the International Copyright movement, having been for several years Treasurer of the American Authors Copyright League, and a member of its Executive Committee of five. In recognition of his services for copyright, the French Government conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honour in 1891, and in 1895 he received from King Humbert the Cross of the Crown of Italy, while for the same cause Yale gave him the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

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An Old Friend

We find an old friend in new and somewhat extravagant raiment in A. W. Macy's *Curious Bits of History*, which came a few months ago from the Cosmopolitan Press. It is an anecdote which illustrates the changes in tone of the Paris press in 1815 from the time of Napoleon's escape from Elba to his arrival in the capital. In the old version a certain newspaper began with the information that "the rebel Bonaparte has escaped from Elba." Then, a few days later: "Bonaparte has landed at Cape Juan." Then "General Bonaparte is on his way to Paris;" and finally, "The Emperor is at Fontainebleau." Mr. Macy's version is much more elaborate.

On March 9, 1815, it was announced that "The Cannibal has escaped from his den." On the 10th: "The Corsican Ogre has just landed at Cape Juan." On the 11th: "The Tiger has arrived at Gap." On the 12th: "The Monster passed the night at Grenoble." On the 13th: "The Tyrant has crossed Lyons." On the 14th: "The Usurper is directing his course toward Dijon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have risen in a body, and they surround him on all sides." On the 18th: "Bonaparte is sixty leagues from the capital; he has had skill enough to escape from the hands of his pursuers." On the 19th: "Bonaparte advances rapidly, but he will never enter Paris." On the 20th: "To-morrow Napoleon will be under our ramparts." On the 21st: "The Emperor is at Fontainebleau." On the 22d: "His Imperial Majesty last evening made his entrance into the Palace of the Tuileries, amidst the joyous acclamations of an adoring and faithful people."

JEAN WEBSTER, AUTHOR OF "DADDY-LONG-LEGS"

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LITTLE PICTURES OF O. HENRY

BY ARTHUR W. PAGE

PART II—TEXAN DAYS

WILL PORTER found a new kind of life in Texas—a life that filled his mind with that rich variety of types and adventures which later was translated into his stories. Here he got—from observation, and not from experience, as has often been said, for he was never a cowboy—the originals of his Western characters and Western scenes. He looked on at the more picturesque life about him rather than shared in it; though through his warm sympathy and his vivid imagination he entered into its spirit as completely as any one who had fully lived its varied parts.

It was while he was living on the Hall ranch, to which he had gone in search of health, that he wrote—and at once destroyed—his first stories of Western life. And it was there, too, that he drew the now famous series of illustrations for a book that never was printed. The author of that book, "Uncle Joe" Dixon, was a prospector in the bonanza mining days in Colorado. Now he is a newspaper editor in Florida; and he has lately told, for the survivors of Will Porter's friends of that period, the story of the origin of these drawings. His narrative illustrates anew the remarkable impression that Will Porter's quaint and whimsical personality, even in his boyhood, made upon those who knew him. "Uncle Joe's" story is this:

"Years before I went to Colorado, John Maddox—now one of the most influential men of Texas—and myself had been intimate friends in Texas, which State was my home. In 1877 he and I learned of the gold excitement in the Black Hills of Dakota and had started for that region and were stranded in Chicago, where we were fleeced like lambs by the Chicago Board of Trade, when we tried a little flyer in the wheat market. Maddox returned to Texas, where he made a fortune in the land business, but I stopped in Kansas City, got into the newspaper work and made that my home. It was from there I went to Leadville in 1879 and spent several years in the Rockies prospecting for gold and silver.

"One day Maddox wrote to me, after I had been in the Rockies for some time, and said: 'Joe, your carbonates lie at the bottom of an ink well. Come back and put down the pick for the pen, and you'll make a fortune. A man who can see what you can see in the common things of life, and can write of them as you can write of them, can create a gold mine of his own. Come back to Austin and write a book. I will stake you for six months or longer, and you write of your life in the Rockies, as you can write of it, and your fortune is made.'

"I hesitated, but John kept writing to me, so in 1883 I went.

"John owned a lovely home in the suburbs of Austin, and so there I settled in the lap of luxury to write the book that was to make me famous.

" 'Take time, all you want,' said John, 'and I will have the book illustrated and published in the very best style, and when it is finished we will go to Galveston and take boat for New York and ourselves see that it is well launched.'

"I shut myself up and worked early and late over the story, which I called *Carbonate Days*. John came in every now and then to read and praise and to declare that I was the coming writer of the age.

"One day he came in and said: 'See here, Joe—there is a young fellow here who came from North Carolina with Dick Hall, named Will Porter, who can draw like blazes. I believe he would be

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the very one to make the illustrations for your book. Dick Hall owns a sheep ranch out not very far from here, and Porter is working for him. Now, you might go out there and take the book along and tell him just about what you want, and let him have a crack at it.'

"It looked like a pretty good idea to me, for it seemed to me that a man who had seen something of the same life might better be able to draw the pictures.

"I found Porter to be a young, silent fellow, with deep, brooding, blue eyes, cynical for his years, and with a facile pen, later to be turned to word-painting instead of picture-drawing.

"I would discuss the story with Will in the daytime, and at night he would draw the pictures. There were forty of them in all. And while crude, they were all good and true to the life they depicted.

"The ranch was a vast chaparral plain, and for three weeks Porter worked on the illustrations, and he and I roamed about the place and talked together. We slept together in a rude little shack. I became much interested in the boy's personality. He was a taciturn fellow, with a peculiar little hiss when amused, instead of the boyish laugh one might have expected, and he could give the queerest caustic turn to speech, getting off epigrams like little sharp bullets, every once in a while, and always unexpectedly.

"One night Mrs. Hall said to me: 'Do you know that that quiet boy is a wonderful writer? He slips in here every now and then and reads to me stories as fine as any Rider Haggard ever wrote.'

"Mrs. Hall was a highly cultivated woman and her words deeply impressed me. After I had gained Will's confidence he let me read a few of his stories, and I found them very fine.

"'Will,' I said to him one day, 'why don't you try your hand at writing for the magazines?' But he had no confidence in himself, and destroyed his stories as fast as he wrote them.

"'Well, at any rate,' I said, 'try your hand at newspaper work.' But he couldn't see it, and went on writing and destroying.

"At last he got a position in a land office, and later, when that position failed him, he secured a job as a 'soda water jerker' in a drug-store on Pecan Street. Soda water 'jerking' was too much for Will, and the next thing I heard of him he had gotten into the newspaper game —but that was after I left Austin. And when I left I did not stand on the order of my going.

O. HENRY AS A CHILD

"For six months I had been working on the book. As July approached, and with it the completion of the book and the trip to New York to the publishers, I began to get nervous.

"'I'll pack the book in my trunk,' said John, 'along with the illustrations, and we'll leave to-morrow for New York, via Galveston, and when you come back, old fellow, you'll be famous. I'm going to have this book brought out in great style—the very best, and you are

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going to be known far and wide as the greatest Carbonate discoverer that ever came over the Rockies.'

"I sat with my head in my hands and thought about it. That book was dear to me. Sometimes I thought it was a great book, a humorous book, a book full of human nature. And again I thought that book was a great hoax and I looked upon myself as a gigantic fraud. The book would cost John hundreds of dollars. What right had I to let him throw away his money on a book that I felt

MISS LENA PORTER

was foredoomed to failure? John loved me and I loved John with a great love.

"I started up the street at last with the manuscript of *Carbonate Days* carefully wrapped up, to deliver it to him, feeling like a thief in the night. I was tired with the grinding work I had put into the book. I felt dull, dispirited, unhappy.

"Austin lies along the lovely, curving banks of the Colorado River. I looked down into the placid waters and almost wished that I lay under their cool covering.

"I had spent months over a book that I now considered worthless. A book that my dearest friend was going to squander a small fortune on bringing, still-born, into the world.

"I made a motion to pitch the manuscript into the water, and then I remembered that there were others, who did not love me, who believed that I could write—men who knew well the writing game—and I hesitated. *Scribner's,* attracted by descriptive letters I had sent to a Kansas City paper, had asked for the name of the writer, and had later written me, requesting me to send them some sketches. But I had been too busy with *Carbonate Days* to attend to it.

"I drew the bulky package back, and then I remembered that the trip was less than six hours off. For the train to Galveston left about five in the morning and it was then nearly midnight.

"I hesitated no longer. I opened the package, and deliberately tore the story into fragments, chapter by chapter. Then I threw it into the placid waters of the Colorado River, and turning my back on the Maddox home, retraced my steps to Austin.

"I wrote a letter to John telling him the awful truth and then, in the vernacular of the West—I pulled my freight.

"I didn't see John again for five years. But I was told that he made the riverside ring when he got my note telling him the story with which he had intended to make me famous was floating on the bosom of the Colorado River.

"He got out a searching party and they put off in a boat early in the morning and found the defunct *Carbonate Days* lodged up against a sand bar. It was fished out and John, with the wet remains, went back to his home, jammed the corpse into his trunk and took the next train for New York. He employed an expert to try to patch it together and they spent weeks over the task, but death by drowning had been complete. And John Maddox went back to Texas with his faith in human nature shaken

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and his belief in me mangled beyond recognition.

"But John Maddox had preserved, without knowing it, something far more precious, and this was the work of O. Henry—the forty illustrations drawn for *Carbonate Days*. I had handed them in to him some time before I finished the story and he had them carefully put away in his big trunk.

"John has never quite forgiven me that bad turn.

"As for Will Porter—I never saw him after he became O. Henry.

"A short time after I left Austin I was editing a country newspaper in Texas. I used to notice, while looking over the exchanges, a column to a column and a half of work in the Houston *Post,* called 'Postscripts.' One day I spoke of it in terms of praise and one of the men in the office said: 'That is the work of a young fellow named Will Porter, who has been on the *Post* a short time.'

"I immediately went to Houston to look Will up. I went into the business office and asked the manager where I could find him.

" 'That is just what the editor would like to know,' returned the Business Manager. 'He hasn't shown up here for three days.'

"The next time I heard of him he was in Central America. It was then, doubtless, that he gathered unconsciously much of the material for the stories that later made him the greatest short-story writer of his time.

"For he was a great writer, and a modest one.

"Little did he and I think, as we roamed over the chaparral plains, or played casino in the little shack, that he would come to be the writer of all writers beloved, who walked the city streets of New York, to see in the sordidness and the glamour the same wide vision of life that even then in the far West he had caught glimpses of.

"For it was in the West that he first struck his gait—a gait that he maintained until he fell asleep in the arms of his mother—the mother who had always believed him a genius, and whose faith was justified."

Other friends, who knew him more intimately than "Uncle Joe" Dixon, saw other sides of Will Porter's character. With them his boyish love of fun and of good-natured and sometimes daredevil

THERE WAS AN OLD DOCTOR NAMED ED
OF THE WESTERN PER-AR-IES HAD READ.
BUT THE UNHEALTHY AHR
WHICH HE FOUND TO BE THAR
WAS WHAT CAUSED HIM SO EARLY TO FLED.

This was sent by Will Porter to a Greensboro friend, without the name of the subject. Under the limerick on the back of the sketch the friend wrote the name, recognising the character from both picture and verse.

mischief came again to the surface, as well as those refinements of feeling and manner that were his heritage as one of the "decent white folks" of Greensboro. And with them, too, came out the ironical fate that pursued him most of his life—to be a dreamer and yet to be har-

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nessed to tasks that brought his head from the clouds to the commonplaces of the store and the street. Perhaps it was this very bending of a sky-seeking imagination to the dusty comedy of every day that brought him later to see life as he pictured it in *The Four Million,* with its mingling of Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid's romance with the adventures of shop-girls and restaurant keepers. At any rate, even the Texas of the drug-clerk days and of the bank-clerk period appealed to his sense of the humorous and romantic and grotesque. Here is what one intimate of those days recalls of his character and exploits:

"Will Porter, shortly after coming to Texas became a member of the Hill City Quartette, of Austin, composed of C. E. Hillyer, R. H. Edmundson, Howard Long and himself. Porter was the littlest man in the crowd, and, of course, basso profundo. He was about five feet six inches tall, weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds, had coal black hair, grey eyes, and a long, carefully twisted moustache; looked as though he might be a combination between the French and the Spanish, and I think he once told me that the blood of the Huguenot flowed in his veins. He was one of the most accomplished gentlemen I ever knew. His voice was soft and musical, with just enough rattle in it to rid it of all touch of effeminancy. He had a keen sense of humour, and there were two distinct methods of address which was characteristic with him—his business address and his friendly address. As a business man, his face was calm, almost expressionless; his demeanour was steady, even calculated. He always worked for a high class of employers, was never wanting for a position, and was prompt, accurate, talented and very efficient; but the minute he was out of business—that was all gone. He always approached a friend with a merry twinkle in his eye and an expression which said: 'Come on, boys, we are going to have a lot of fun,' and we usually did.

"The story of 'The Green Door' in its spirit and in its fact was just such a thing as might happen with him any night. It is but justice, in order to give balance to this unique character, to say that he made no religious professions; he never talked infidelity nor scepticism; he had such a reverence for other people's views that he never entered into religious discussions; and, personally he seemed rather indifferent to the subject, though in no wise opposed to it. He rarely ever missed church, and the Hill City Quartette were nearly always to be found in either the Baptist or the St. David's Episcopal Church choirs, though he usually attended church on Sunday evenings at the Presbyterian Church and sang in their choir.

"He got interested in society and lost all taste for the drug business. Being a fine penman, a good accountant, well educated, and with good address, it was an easy matter for him to make a living without working every day and Sunday, too, and most of the evenings besides. The fact of the matter is, while W. S. P. would not have admitted it for the world, I think he really wanted a little more time for love-making. So during the time of our association, he went to work at eight in the morning and quit at four. He always had sufficient money for what he needed; if he had any more, no one knew it. He was very fond of going fishing, but he let you do the fishing after he went. He loved to go hunting, but he let you kill the birds, and somehow I always thought that on these trips he got something out of the occasion that he enjoyed all by himself; they were not occasions which invited the introduction of sentiment, and I believe his enjoyment of them were purely sentimental. He loved the mountains and the plains; he loved to hear the birds sing and the brooks babble, and all those things, but he did not talk to the boys about it.

"He was accomplished in all the arts of a society man; had a good bass voice and sang well; was a good dancer and skater; played an interesting game of cards, and was preëminently an entertainer. There were no wall flowers to

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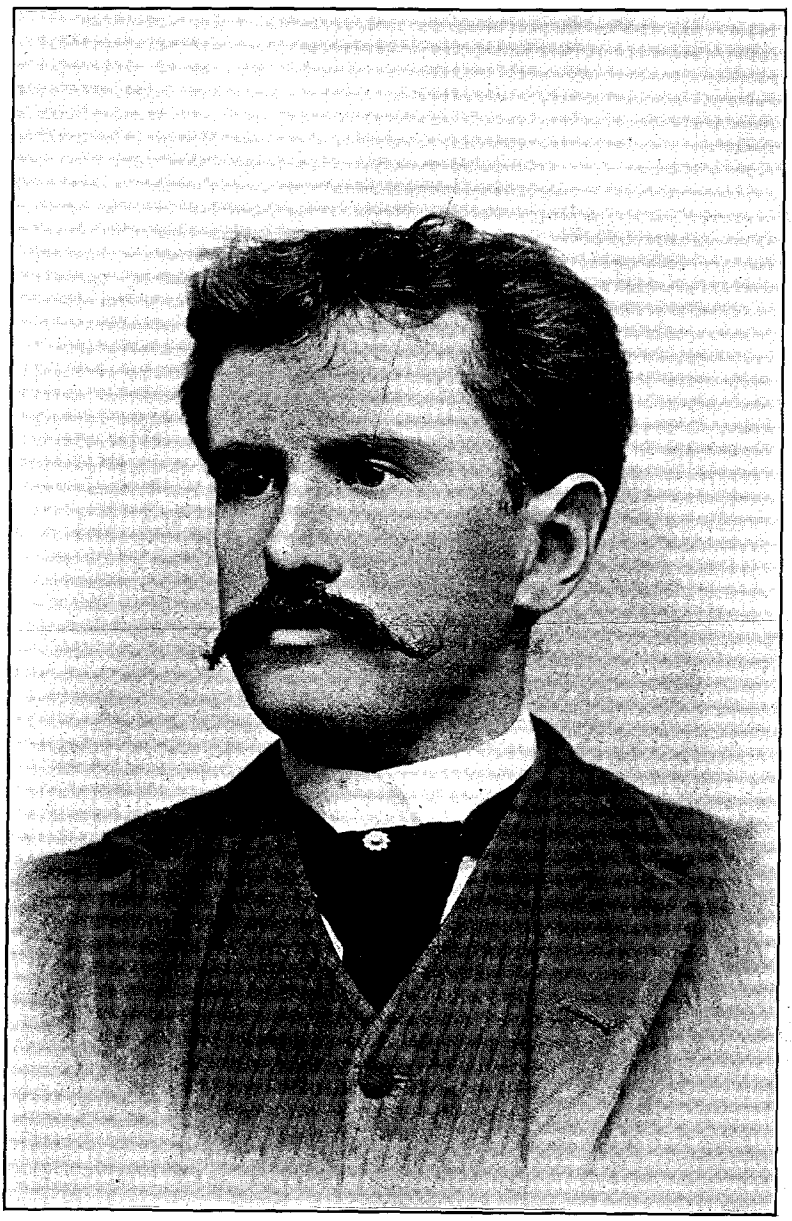

O. HENRY AT THIRTY

Porter, and the girl who went with him never lacked for attention.

"The Hill City Quartette formed the centre of the Social Circle in which W. S. P. was the central figure during the period of this writing.

"If W. S. P. at this time had any ambitions as a writer, he never mentioned it to me. I do not recall that he was fond of reading. One day I quoted some lines to him from a poem by John Alexander Smith. He made inquiry about

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WILL PORTER, SHORTLY AFTER COMING TO TEXAS, BECAME A MEMBER OF THE HILL CITY QUARTETTE, COMPOSED OF C. E. HILLYER, R. H. EDMONDSON, H. H. LONG, AND HIMSELF

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the author, borrowed the book and committed to memory a great many passages from it, but I do not recall ever having known him to read any other book. I asked him one day why he never read fiction. His reply was: 'That it was all tame compared with the romance in his own life,'—which was really true.

"Mr. Porter was very careful in the use and selection of language. He rarely used slang, and his style in ordinary conversation was very much purer and more perfect than it is in his writings. This can be accounted for in the fact that he was an unusually polished gentleman, but writing in the first person, the character which he selects to represent himself appears to be along a much lower and commoner line than he himself actually lived; but on the other hand, the stories that he writes and the quaint way he has of putting things were largely characteristic of his personal daily life, and the peculiar turn that he gives to his stories—in which he leads you to think along logical lines until you think you have anticipated his conclusion, then suddenly brings the story to a reasonable but wholly unexpected conclusion—was even in this early day an element in his common conversation.

"In the great railroad strike at Fort Worth, Texas, the Governor called out the State Militia, and the company to which we belonged was sent, but as we were permitted a choice in the matter, Porter and I chose not to go. In a little while a girl he was in love with went to Waco on a visit. Porter moped around disconsolate for a few days, and suddenly said to me: 'I believe I'll take a visit at the Government's expense.' With him to think was to act. A telegram was sent to Fort Worth: 'Capt. Blank, Fort Worth, Texas. Squad of volunteers Company Blank, under my command tender you their services if needed. Reply.' 'Come next train,' Captain Blank commanded. Upon reaching the depot no orders for transportation of squad had been received. Porter actually held up the train until he could telegraph and get transportation for his little squad, because the girl had been notified that he would be in Waco on a certain train. She afterward said that when the train pulled into Waco he was sitting on the engine pilot with a gun across his lap and a distant glance at her was all that he got, but he had had his adventure and was fully repaid.

"This adventure, and the following, are only two of thousands of such incidents that commonly occurred in his life. He lived in an atmosphere of adventure that was the product of his own imagination. He was an inveterate story-teller, seemingly purely from the pleasure of it, but he never told a vulgar joke, and as much as he loved humour he would not sacrifice decency for its sake and his stories about women were always refined.

"He told a great many stories in the first person. We were often puzzled to know whether they were real or imaginary, and when we made inquiry his stock reply was: 'Never question the validity of a joke.'

"One night at the Lampasas Military Encampment of Texas Volunteer Guards, the Quartette, with others, had leave of absence to attend the big ball at the Park Hotel, with orders to report at 12:00 sharp. Somehow, with girls and gaiety and music and balmy Southern breezes and cooing voices, time flies, and before any of us had thought to look at a watch it was five minutes past twelve and we were in trouble. We had all gathered near the doorway looking toward Camp when we saw the Corporal of the Guard approaching the building to arrest us. Of course, what follows could never have happened in a camp of tried veterans, but Porter knew the human animal, as few people do. He got a friend with an unlimited leave of absence to meet the Corporal's squad at another door and suggest to them that they should not carry the guns in among the ladies. So the squad stacked their guns on the outside and went into the other door to arrest us. Up to this point Porter had worked the thing with-

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out taking us into his confidence. As soon as the guns were stacked he beckoned to us to follow and we did not stop for explanation. We knew where Porter led there would be adventure, if not success. He took command; we unstacked the arms of the corporal's squad; all our boys who did not carry guns were marched as under arrest. Now none of us knew the countersign, and our success in getting by the sentry was a matter of pure grit. As we approached the sentry we were crossing a narrow plank bridge in single file, at the end of which the sentry threw up his gun and Porter marched us right straight up to that gun until the front man was marching time with the point of the gun right against his stomach. Porter just said to the sentry, 'Squad under arrest. Stand aside.' The whole thing was done with such courage, decision, and audacity, that the sentry never noticed that we had not given the countersign, but stepped aside and let us pass. A few yards into the camp, we stacked our guns, and sneaked into our tents. When the real corporal and squad came back to camp and told his story the sentry refused to accept it and had the whole squad placed in the guard-house for the night. When the boys began to whisper the joke to their comrades in their tents, the disturbance became so great that the Corporal's Guard came down to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, but in looking into the tent found only tired soldier boys snoring as though they had been drugged. There was quite a time at the court-martial next morning, at which the corporal and his body were given extra duty for their inglorious behaviour on the previous night, but no one ever knew our connection with the story."

But the lure of the pen was getting too strong for Will Porter to resist. Life as a teller in the First National Bank of Austin was too routine not to be relieved by some outlet for his love of fun and for his creative literary instinct. An opportunity opened to buy a printing outfit, and he seized it and used it for a year to issue *The Rolling Stone,* a weekly paper that suggested even then his later method as a humourist and as a photographic portrayer of odd types of humanity. Dr. D. Daniels—"Dixie" he was to Will Porter—now a dentist in Galveston, Texas, was his partner in this enterprise, and his story of that year of fun gives also a picture of Will Porter's habit of studying human nature at first hand—a habit that later carried him into many quaint byways of New York and into many even more quaint and revealing byways of the human heart. Here is Dr. Daniels's story:

"It was in the spring of 1894 that I floated into Austin, said Daniels, and I got a place in the State printing office. I had been working there for a short time when I heard that a man named Porter had bought out the old *Iconoclast* plant—known everywhere as Brann's *Iconoclast*—and was looking for a printer to go into the game with him. I went around to see him, and that was the first time I met O. Henry. Porter had been a clerk in the Texas Land Office and a teller in the First National Bank in Austin, and when W. C. Brann went to Waco decided to buy out his plant and run a weekly humorous paper.

"I talked things over with him, the proposition looked good, and we formed a partnership then and there. We christened the paper the *Rolling Stone* after a few discussions, and in smaller type across the full-page head we printed 'Out for the moss.' Which is exactly what we were out for. Our idea was to run this weekly with a lot of current events treated in humorous fashion, and also to run short sketches, drawings and verse. I had been doing a lot of chalk-plate work and the specimens I showed seemed to make a hit with Porter. Those chalk-plates were the way practically all of our cuts were printed.

"Porter was one of the most versatile men I had ever met. He was a fine singer, could write remarkably clever stuff under all circumstances and was a good hand at sketching. And he was the best mimic I ever saw in my life. He was one of the genuine democrats

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that you hear about more often than you meet. Night after night, after we would shut up shop, he would call to me to come along and 'go bumming.' That was his favourite expression for the night-time prowling in which we indulged. We would wander through streets and alleys, meeting with some of the worst specimens of down-and-outers it has ever been my privilege to see at close range. I've seen the most ragged specimen of a bum hold up Porter, who would always do anything he could for the man. His one great failing was his inability to say 'No' to a man.

"He never cared for the so-called 'higher classes,' but watched the people on the streets and in the shops and cafés, getting his ideas from them night after night. I think that it was in this way he was able to picture the average man with such marvellous fidelity.

"Well, as I started to say, we moved into the old *Iconoclast* plant, got out a few issues, and moved into the Brueggerhoff building. The *Rolling Stone* met with unusual success at the start, and we had in our files letters from men like Bill Nye and John Kendrick Bangs praising us for the quality of the sheet. We were doing nicely, getting the paper out every Saturday—approximately—and blowing the gross receipts every night. Then we began to strike snags. One of our features was a series of cuts with humorous underlines of verse. One of the cuts was the rear view of a fat German professor leading an orchestra, beating the air wildly with his baton. Underneath the cut Porter had written the following verse:

'With his baton the professor beats the bars,
'Tis also said beats them when he treats.
But it made that German gentleman see stars
When the bouncer got the cue to bar the beats.

"For some reason or other that issue alienated every German in Austin from the *Rolling Stone,* and cost us more than we were able to figure out in subscriptions and advertisements.

"Another mistake Porter made was when he let himself be dragged into a San Antonio political fight—the O'Brien-Callaghan mayoralty campaign. He was pulled into this largely through a broken-down English writer, whose name, as I remember, was Henry Rider Taylor. How Taylor had any influence over him I never was able to make out, for he used constantly to make fun of him. 'Here comes that man Taylor,' he'd say. 'Got a diamond on him big as a two-bit piece and shinin' like granulated sugar.' But he went into the political scrap just the same, and it cost him more than it was worth.

"We got out one feature of the paper that used to meet with pretty general approval. It was a page gotten up in imitation of a backwoods country paper, and we christened it 'The Plunkville Patriot.' That idea has been carried out since then in a dozen different forms, like 'The Hogwallow Kentuckian,' and 'The Bingville Bugle,' to give two of the prominent examples. Porter and I used to work on this part of the paper nights and Sundays. I would set the type for it, as there was a system to all of the typographical errors that we made, and I couldn't trust any one else to set it up as we wanted it.

"Porter used to think up some right amusing features for this part of the paper. I remember that about then we had on hand a lot of cuts of Gilmore, of Gilmore's Band, which played at the dedication of the State capitol at Austin. We would run these cuts of Gilmore for any one, from Li Hung Chang to Governor Hogg.

"The Populist Party was coming in for all sorts of publicity at this time, and the famous 'Sockless' Simpson, of Kansas, was running for Congress. Porter worked out a series of 'Tictocq, the Great French Detective,' in burlesque of 'Lecocq,' and in one story, I remember, had a deep-laid conspiracy to locate a pair of socks in Simpson's luggage, thus discrediting him with his political following.

"The paper ran along for something

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over a year, and then was discontinued. Following the political trouble and the other troubles in which Porter became involved, he left the State. Some time was spent in Houston; the next stop was New Orleans; then he jumped to South America, and only returned to Texas for a short period before leaving the State forever. His experiences on a West Texas ranch, in Texas cities and in South America, however, gave him a thorough insight into the average run of people whom he pictured so vividly in his later work. He was a greater man than any of us knew when we were with him in the old days."

Readers of the O. H. Western stories will recognise at once the familiar touch in this sentence from an article in *The Rolling Stone:* "Your words," said the reporter, "convince me that you have uttered what you have said." And this, from an editorial: "An iconoclast can knock down a great many idols when somebody sets 'em up frequently." But they are only flashes of the matter that made his later style both droll and sparkling. The quotation that follows shows him already developing "lightning change" of mood which he used so effectively.

"The hour grows late. The clock strikes! Another day has vanished. Gone into the dim recesses of the past leaving its misspent hours, false hopes, and disappointed expectations. May a morrow dawn that will bring recompense and requital for the sorrows of the days gone by, and a new order of things when there will be more starch left in cuff and collar, and less in handkerchiefs.

"Come with me out into the starlight night. So calm, so serene, ye lights of heaven, so high above earth; so pure and majestic and mysterious; looking down on the mad struggle of life here below, is there no pity in your never closing eyes for us mortals on which you shine?

"Come with me onto the bridge. Ah, see there, far below, the dark, turbid stream. Rushing and whirling and eddying under the dark pillars with ghostly murmur and siren whisper. What shall we find in your depths? The stars do not reflect themselves in your waters, they are too dark and troubled and swift! What shall we find in your depths? Rest?—Peace?—catfish? who knows? 'Tis but a moment. A leap! A plunge! —and—then—oblivion or another world? Who can tell? A man once dived into your depths and brought up a horse collar and a hoop-skirt. Ah! what do we know of the beyond. We know that death comes and we return no more to our world of trouble and care —but where do we go? Are there lands where no traveller has been? A chaos —perhaps where no human foot has trod —perhaps Bastrop—perhaps New Jersey! Who knows? Where do people go who are in McDade? Do they go where they have to fare worse? They cannot go where they have worse fare!"

PERSONAL PORTRAITS

I

W. B. TRITES

Four men were gathered about the flagpole on Market Square at St. George's, the old-time capital of Bermuda.

"H'm! They arrived by night," said the Constable with a suspicious shake of his head. "But you ought to see them walking. They pass the Police Station every afternoon at three, reg'lar as the noonday gun—wet or dry!—and her reading to him the whole time out loud."

"Never a drop of tea for *him,*" contributed Jake Hintner, the Central Local Bureau of Information. "I 'xpect I know. It come to me straight from Maudie who waits on 'em. 'Tea interferes with his work' and 'They *must* have their meals served in their apart-

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ments!'" he aped. "More high-toned than the Mil't'ry even. A 'Good-morning' to no one! Ain't I seen 'em at the Post Office, mail-time, and receiving more newspapers than all the rest of the parish. And Maudie, she says they clip 'em up and paste 'em in a scrap-book thicker 'n your arm."

"Hear, hear!" boomed the third, the Hon. Cecil Pierpont, one of the leading coloured gentlemen of the community. "But mark you, Officer, as I was returning from the Lodge late Saturday evening, I observed the sound of a typewriter issue from their chambers. It was early Sunday morning by rights. They break the Sabbath. Scandalous, I maintain. Furthermore, I am informed this person is a journalist!—Shades of Tom Moore!" he apostrophised, rolling his eyes.

The fourth, solemnly attentive, now detached himself from the group, leaving them at their favourite form of exercise. Turning into York Street, he stopped at a two-story building facing the Public Garden, a low stone building with walls of salmon-pink, green upper veranda and the characteristic snow-white roof of Bermuda. He rang and asked to have his card presented to Mr. Trites. In a moment he was ushered to the second floor, where he was met by a tall, slender, distinguished-looking man of about forty with a clean-cut, clean-shaven face, armed with a provoking smile.

"Mr. Trites, it is rumoured that you drive by night, walk by day—weather permitting or not—, that you do not drink tea and are a recluse, snob, crank and journalist. Permit me to congratulate you and to know you!"

An unconventional opening, but then Mr. Trites is not the average man, nor does one have to be a Bertillon to recognise it.

"Sit down. I've been intending to drop in on you. You write yourself, I am told. But first two questions: What do you think of H. G. Wells and what about Theodore Dreiser . . . his Hurstwood, for example?"

It was tit for tat, a shibboleth in fact. The answer was given equivocally but with proper seriousness: "Wells is the novelist of to-morrow. As for Hurstwood, he's unforgettable."

"We will be friends," said Mr. Trites, his eyes less quizzical and no longer cold.

There is the man in a nutshell: overquick to jump at conclusions; slightly distrustful, but once disarmed, too apt to take the word for the deed. That afternoon and on many to follow, the world, the flesh and the spirit came up for comment and discussion.

"Yes, journalism of the higher type is the only clean-paying field open to a struggling author in America," he burst out one day. "He can make money handling facts and use his leisure to write as an artist. You still think the magazines admit of both. Ridiculous! What do they want with distinction, art, truth? They want and pay for 'Slush, slush, luv-a-ly slush!'" he quoted from Mr. Booth Tarkington's *The Flirt,* which had delighted him. "Journalism is the game! Not reporting necessarily; but special articles, anecdotes for the Sunday supplements, syndicate work. There's a glorious chance for any one with real intelligence. The supplement is easy to get at and always open to new ideas. By sticking to such work three days a week, a man of ability can readily make fifty dollars or so. Even I have made a living out of it," he cited modestly. "I've written ever since I was twelve—yes, twelve!—verse for a long while. It didn't pay. Then short stories! They were never accepted. Brutal stuff, they were called, brutal and badly written. Plays . . . several in London. Rotten all of them! I might have written one good novel in the time it took me to turn out two bad plays. I tried to make them *popular,*" he confessed. "No, journalism every time! A man can call his soul his own, earn his keep and let loose on the things that count. Besides, newspaper work keeps a fellow awake, alert and it trains his eye. Now look at the fiction magazines! Can you imagine them running after Howells? And yet think of his works. 'They are America's

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most splendid contribution to literature'," he added, quoting himself with a bitter smile.

"How about Wells? The magazines——"

"Yes, but within a year; and not because his stuff is great, but because he has become popular in England, a fad. And what do they do with the novels? Hack them to pieces. He stands it for financial reasons, no doubt; for he told me never on any account to make any changes suggested by editor or publisher —that they were always wrong!" He laughed grimly. "Inducements were being held out to me if I would cut out certain passages of *Barbara Gwynne*. You may recall what Hardy had to do to put through the American serialisation of *Tess*."

The writer did not recall the facts, so he looked wise and said: "Conrad gets along without the aid of journalism, and I saw a story of his in a popular magazine not a week ago."

"Perhaps that is why the Crown has given him a pension," he scoffed.

"You don't like Conrad?"

"Like him? Why, he is magnificent. He has brought to English prose the same distinction which Milton brought to its poetry. Tolstoy and Conrad . . . giants! Conrad is one of the few men I have wanted to have influence my style. *Heart of Darkness*—delicate, profound, marvellous!" He seemed intensely moved.

"My impression is that it came out first in a London magazine."

"Are you positive? Well, it should have appeared in a newspaper."

Mr. W. B. Trites talks and smiles like a Diogenes whose sun has been exchanged for, say, the eight moons of Saturn. He is a fanatical idealist, but an idealist, and he doesn't know it.

Richard Butler Glaenzer.

II

ELLEN KEY

ELLEN KEY, the author of *Love and Marriage,* lives in a romantically remote and beautiful country retreat in the interior of Sweden. The house, modelled after an old Swedish manor, long and low and roomy, stands on the shores of a great lake called Vetter Sea. It is indeed more of an inland sea than a lake, and at night, when the waves break against the rocks at the foot of the garden, it is difficult to believe that one is not listening to salt surf. Surrounding the house is a terraced garden, and back of it looms a dark mountain covered with forests of fir and oak trees.

Strand, as Ellen Key calls her house, is one of those rare and delightful things, a Dream Come True. During thirty industrious years spent in Stockholm, Berlin and other Continental cities, she was planning her house and setting by, little by little, the money to build it. Not until she was sixty years old was the dream realised. At sixty most people are too old and too tired to make any radical change in their living conditions, but Ellen Key at three score was as intensely alive and ambitious as she had been at twenty. She not only set to work to build her house, but she made, out of a mountain wilderness, a charming garden, doing a great deal of the actual labour with her own hands. Huge stones had to be moved, some trees cut down and others trimmed and straightened, soil carted and distributed, before the work of planting began. "We worked," this remarkable woman tells you with pride, "eight and ten hours a day."

Ellen Key believes that the secret of her unusual vigour of body and mind, perfectly preserved at sixty-three, is due to the freedom and unconventionality of her early life and education. Her great-grandfather was a friend and loyal disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau. He named his oldest son Emile, after the hero of Rousseau's work on education, and he brought up his numerous family after the Rousseau naturalistic method. Emile's oldest son, Ellen Key's father, followed this example. Emile became a hereditary name in the Key family, and the Key children were

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permanently guaranteed an education after the Emile tradition. Briefly this means that they were allowed to grow up out-of-doors, and were given more freedom of thought and action than most European children enjoy. For Ellen it meant release from most domestic duties as well as from the embroidery and piano practice that fell to the girls of her generation. It meant also that she never went to school, but was educated with her brothers by French and German tutors. Much of the studying and reciting was done in the old-fashioned garden surrounding the Key country home.

In the early eighties Sweden passed through a crushing period of financial depression. In the general crash the Key fortune was swept away, and Ellen, then a woman of thirty, faced the necessity of wage-earning. She became associated with another woman of advanced ideals in a school where children of liberal-minded people were given an education along broad lines. The school became famous, partly because it broke away from the narrow theological bias which was the basis of most education at the time, and because it demonstrated that children could be educated without the assistance of physical violence at the hands of their teachers. This was a very new idea to the Sweden of the eighties.

For many years Ellen Key remained a teacher, both in and out of the schoolroom. She lectured on literary and historical subjects at the People's University, an admirable institution, maintained by ambitious working men and women in Stockholm. She wrote innumerable pamphlets and magazine articles, interpreting to the Swedish public such foreign authors as Ruskin, Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, the Brownings, and our Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman.

In 1903, when she was fifty-four years old, she began the publication of a series of articles which later were expanded into the books that made her famous. These articles were called "Lifslinjer," Lines of Life, and certain chapters formed the basis of the work known as *Love and Marriage*. These articles were so unconventional in their expression that they smashed at a blow the immense popularity that Ellen Key enjoyed in Sweden. They did not exactly alienate her friends, but they raised up an army of foes. The church, the press, the universities, the respectable middle classes united in a chorus of disapproval and invective. Ellen Key had committed the unforgivable sin. She had suggested that the institution of marriage might conceivably be studied with a view to its improvement. So severe, and at times so coarse and brutal, were these attacks, that Ellen Key was glad to exile herself for several years in more friendly Germany.

Most of the bitterness and acrimony caused by her radical idealism have disappeared from Swedish public opinion. By a very large public Ellen Key is regarded as Sweden's most illustrious citizen. Her home is coming to be a goal for ardent young pilgrims, young men as well as women. Every summer since her house was built she has entertained scores of strangers.

The land on which Strand and its garden stands, as well as the towering mountain in the background, is government property, part of a large forest reserve. Ellen Key secures her leasehold on a thirty-year contract, but it is her dream to have this lease extended at least a hundred years. The house was built not alone for her occupancy, which cannot be much over thirty years, but for the benefit of women yet to live. It is to be bequeathed to working women of Sweden as a rest and vacation home. Twenty years ago Ellen Key began to organise working women in Stockholm into reading and recreation circles under the guidance of women in more fortunate circumstances than themselves. The circles have held together and have increased in number through the years. It is these women in particular who will inherit Ellen Key's house.

"When I no longer need my house," she said to me on the threshold, "I shall still go on entertaining here. I love the thought of tired women walking in my

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garden, sleeping in my beds, eating at my board, and going away strengthened and refreshed. The house was planned for them more than for myself."

Over the door inside are inscribed Goethe's words, "Momento Vivere," Remember to Live—the motive of Ellen Key's philosophy. Most of the first floor is occupied by a huge living-room, with windows to catch every breeze in summer, every ray of sunlight in winter. It is an interesting room full of fine old furniture, hung with many signed paintings, etchings and photographs. Several writing desks here and in Ellen Key's bedroom upstairs are constantly covered with manuscripts and note-books. It is part of her restless energy that she likes to have more than one place to write. In the upper corridor there is a desk that speaks of the love of a childless woman for other women's children. This is a big, old-fashioned secretary desk which constitutes Ellen Key's private lending library for the children of the countryside, who otherwise would have very few books. Every Sunday afternoon the little things come in from the farms and cottages; and Ellen Key plays librarian.

In her country retreat Ellen Key lives entirely alone save for a housekeeper and a great dog of purest St. Bernard lineage. The dog bears for a name the Swedish equivalent of Wild, in spite of the fact that he is of a tameness and an amiability most extraordinary. Miss Key explains that the name is hereditary with her dogs. "Besides," she adds, "this dog deserves it because he has preserved so perfectly his racial traditions."

We were walking under the arched boughs of the mountain forest. The first snow of the winter had fallen the night before, and the dog was in transports of delight. He rolled in the snow, he devoured great mouthfuls of it, he ran around in circles sniffing it, he dashed into every thicket in search of lost travellers. Once in a while "Veeld" has the felicity in his rambles to come across a farm labourer who is "lost" not on account of weather, but because of a bad choice of pleasures. Then does the blood of St. Gothard ancestors animate the huge animal. He utters deep, basso profundo barks. He breathes on the unfortunate and prostrate yokel, he howls, licks the man's hands, pushes and pulls and contrives in every way to get him to his feet. More than one local farm has had its full quota of labourers in the morning because of Ellen Key's dog. Her keen blue eyes twinkled thoughtfully as she regarded him in the snow. Plainly she was thinking it a strange and pitiful thing that the human race spends so much intelligence in breeding splendid animals, and so little in creating perfect men and women.

Rheta Childe Dorr.

III

ELIZABETH ROBINS

Among contemporary women of achievement, Miss Elizabeth Robins is perhaps unique in that she may be regarded as an actress, or as a novelist, as a dramatist, or as a suffrage leader—and in any case be prominent. But her first success was as an actress. Her stage popularity resulted from her presentations of Ibsen's characters during the seven or eight years that Ibsen wrote most of his dramas, from 1891 to 1899; for Miss Robins presented Ibsen's plays in London as fast as they were written. It is not generally known that her production of Ibsen was undertaken entirely by herself and a friend, Miss Marion Lea, also an actress. They had tried to induce various managers to produce *Hedda Gabler,* but without success, so in 1891 they produced the play themselves at the "Vaudeville" Theatre in London. It was a stupendous undertaking, but it met with instant success, and thereafter came the long series of his dramas, produced by Miss Robins and forming the greatest presentation of Ibsen's plays that the English-speaking world has known.

Miss Robins, even as a young girl, had long cherished the ambition to go on the stage. An American by birth, she was early sent to a seminary in Zanesville, Ohio, near the home of her grandmother,

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W. B. TRITES

where she led a most secluded life, and up to the time that she was fifteen or sixteen had only seen two plays. But these were enough to fire the girl's imagination. Scenes from *Macbeth* and *Ingomar,* the two plays in question, were practised by her and her girl friends to the exclusion of all school work. Finding school impossible and her family's opposition equally impossible, Miss Robins went to a friend in New York who introduced her to James O'Neil, who gave her a small part in *The Two Orphans.* She was obliged to begin her stage career under an assumed name, "Clare Raimond"—Raymond being her youngest brother's name—and one which with the slight change to "C. E. Raimond" stood her in good stead in later years as the pseudonym under which she wrote many of her earlier novels. Following her stage début in New York came two years of hard work with the now disbanded Boston Museum Company. But it was work which brought her into prominence and to the notice of Edwin Booth. At

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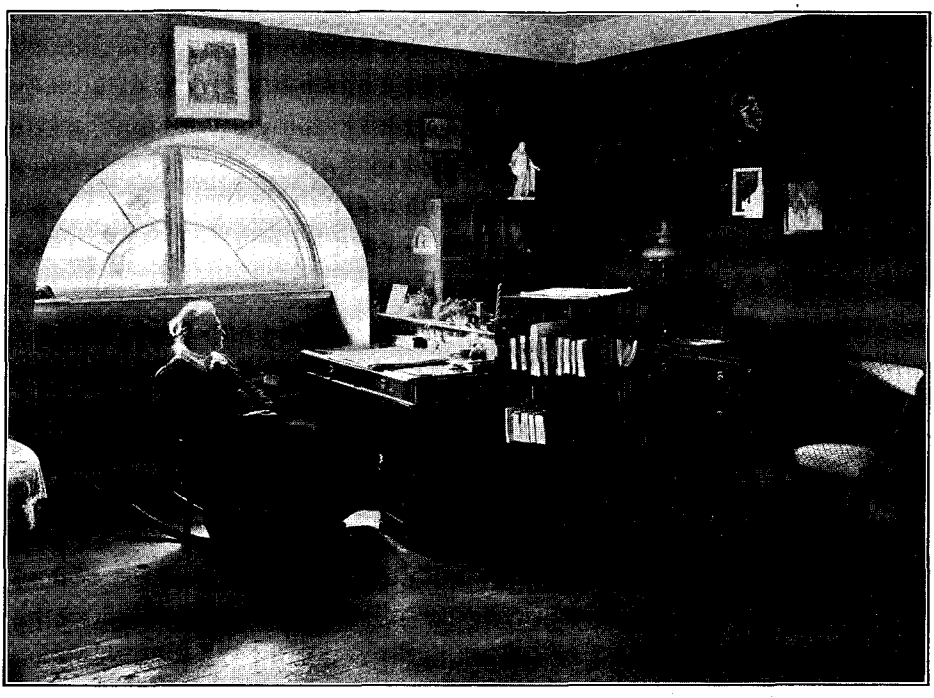

ELLEN KEY IN HER STUDY

once her success was assured. For several years she toured with Booth and with others, covering in her travels nearly every place of any size in the United States. Her subsequent career on the English stage seems to have been brought about almost by accident. A friend, Mrs. Ole Bull, invited her on a trip to Norway. During their stay of a few days in London, Miss Robins met Mr. (now Sir) Herbert Beerbohm-Tree, who, as Captain Swift, was then causing considerable sensation in the theatrical world. Mr. Tree was so impressed with the young American actress that he induced her to abandon her trip and cancel a New York engagement in order to rehearse, on approval, a curious and unusual rôle in a play he was at that time considering. Unfortunately this play, *Judah,* was never produced by Mr. Tree and Miss Robins found herself without an engagement. She remained in London, however, and soon appeared in a number of plays, winning a moderate success. Her English stage career then culminated in the marvellous run of Ibsen's dramas. Of Miss Robins's presentation of *Hedda Gabler* Edmund Gosse has said, "Their (Miss Robins's and Miss Lea's) performance has been admitted, by those who have studied the matter closely, to be the most satisfactory rendering of Ibsen yet seen on an English stage. . . . In the absorbing and perplexing part of *Hedda Gabler* all is to be lost or gained. Miss Robins gained nobly, triumphantly." *Hedda Gabler* was followed by *The Master Builder,* which succeeded in spite of all the London critics. Miss Robins has said of her part as Hilda Wangel in *The Master Builder:* "I remember that as the crowning pleasure of my theatrical life." And so on through the whole range of Ibsen's plays, Miss Robins continued to appear, producing them herself and taking the leading rôle, achieving an artistic triumph unequalled in the rendering of Ibsen's dramas.

Editors had asked Miss Robins to write of the stage and of her work in

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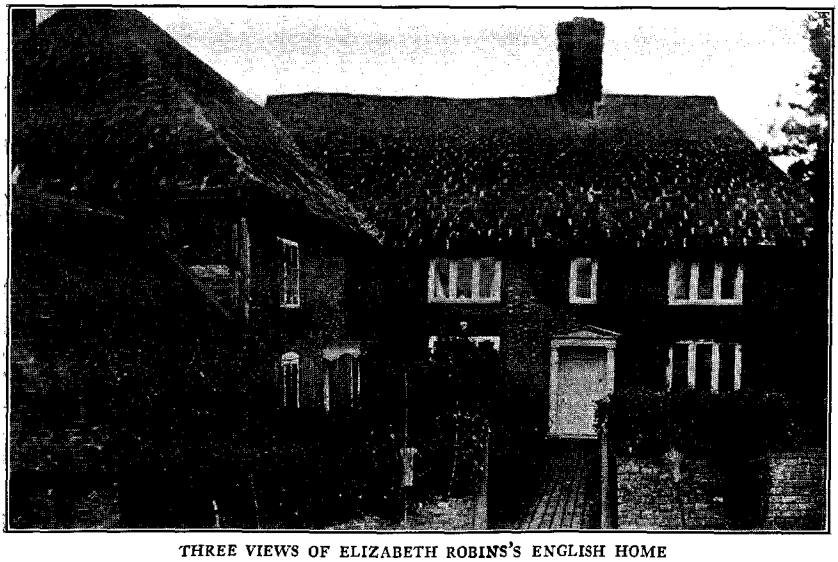

THREE VIEWS OF ELIZABETH ROBINS'S ENGLISH HOME

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Ibsen's plays, but she always refused, not believing that she had any talent in that direction. The thought had been suggested, however, and one day she wrote out a story, the plot of which had been running in her mind for some time. She feared that if she signed her own name, her work would be accepted simply as a curiosity; so she again took the name she had used in her early stage days, but slightly changed to "C. E. Raimond." This first book, *George Mandeville's Husband,* published in 1894, met with a very favourable reception. So began the second period in her career. Since the publication of *George Mandeville's Husband* she has written steadily, even giving up her stage career with the conclusion of the Ibsen run in order to devote her whole time to literary work. All of her novels have been well received—probably more favourably in England than here. With the publication in 1898 of *The Open Question,* the secret of "C. E. Raimond" was revealed, though up to that time it had been well kept and Miss Robins's ability as a novelist had been proven without the aid of her stage reputation.

The writing of *The Magnetic North* resulted from an incident in Miss Robins's life that came near to having a tragic ending. Her brother, Raymond Robins, had some time previously been seized with the gold fever, and had gone prospecting in Alaska. His letters became fewer and fewer, and finally nothing was heard from him, and Elizabeth Robins undertook, alone, a journey to Alaska to find him. Her plucky search was rewarded, but she contracted typhoid fever at Nome, and nearly died of it. She induced her brother to return with her, and, after a brief sojourn in France and Italy, she rejoined him in Virginia, where brother and sister took a riding tour to recover their health. But Miss Robins had seen the great north and had felt its lure.

In *Votes for Women,* Miss Robins tried her hand at the drama, and this play, produced at the London Court Theatre in 1907 by Mr. Granville Barker, was a distinct success. Its title has since gone all over the world as the slogan of the woman suffragist cause. England has for some time known her as an active suffrage worker, but *Way Stations* is her first introduction to this country as a self-disclosed militant suffragist.

Miss Robins has made her home in England ever since she first took up her stage career there. She lives in Sussex in one of those quaint brick cottages, tile-roofed and vine-clad and nestling in the shade of a magnificent old oak. About it are velvety green lawns and an old-fashioned flower garden, a wilderness of flowers surrounding a gleaming sun-dial —all forming a little gem-like scene set in the rolling spread of English downs. In the *Open Question* Miss Robins describes the old family mansion of the Robins family in Zanesville, Ohio,—a relic of the troublous Indian times, half fort and made of stone and half a more modern wooden addition, yet wholly gloomy, vast, uncanny. To those who know Miss Robins it even seems at times as though this musty old mansion with its lore of the past, the home of her early childhood, may still throw its sombre shadow athwart the life of this mild-voiced, gentle, appealing woman—a woman so unusual that in the height of her womanhood and in the full glory of the renown she has won, she has deliberately turned from her career to devote her talent and her capacity for work to the service of her fellow-women—the "Little Sisters" as well as the big, grown sisterhood of womankind.

George G. Wyant.

IV

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

THE author of *Once Aboard the Lugger* and *The Happy Warrior* ascribes his success to luck. But before *Once Aboard the Lugger* this young Englishman had made good in the newspaper and magazine world by sheer persistency. Yet he says, "When I look back at the ease with which—absolutely without influence—I

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got my footing in Fleet Street, I know I have been extraordinarily lucky." At the time he wrote his first novel Mr. Hutchinson was employed on two London newspapers, beginning his writing for one at nine o'clock in the morning and the other at ten o'clock at night. A less ambitious man would have despaired of ever finding sufficient leisure to complete a full-fledged book. He also considers that he was lucky in having *Once Aboard the Lugger* accepted by the second London publisher to whom it was offered. As a matter of fact the wonder is that any one should have declined the manuscript.

Mr. Hutchinson does admit that he is conscientious. Had he listened to the call of the publisher his second book would have been published late in 1911 under the title of *The Unbalanced Scale*. But he was dissatisfied with his own work, and, ignoring the appeal of his publisher, who had already announced the book, this "vilely conscientious" writer, as he calls himself, deliberately rewrote the story from start to finish at a time when he was performing the exacting and exhausting duties of night editor of the *Daily Graphic*. He ascribes it to "luck" that he happened to take down from his library shelf a volume of Wordsworth's poems and opened to the one called "The Happy Warrior," for that proved to be the ideal title for his book. In his den at the top of his home off Highgate road near Hampstead, he has preserved the two manuscripts of *The Happy Warrior* —the one his English publisher was so impatient to bring out, and the other one that has been given to the public. "The rewriting was an appalling task—for I denied myself to everybody and everything—yet I was really sorry when I reached the end," he laments. "I grew to love the characters in the story—although this may seem like affectation—and it was with genuine regret that I took leave of them."

If A. S. M. Hutchinson had been endowed with normal eyesight the British army would have gained another officer from the Hutchinson family and the

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

reading public would probably have lost a novelist. Coming of military stock, the young man, who was born in India, had expected to follow in the footsteps of his father, General H. D. Hutchinson, now retired, and his brothers, and entered the army, but defective vision prevented. After two years' study at St. Thomas' Hospital, London, where he learned that he was not fitted for the profession of

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medicine, the young man—who had been sending unacceptable manuscripts to the periodicals for some time—determined to take up writing as his life work. After he had had two humorous poems accepted by a monthly magazine which neglected to pay for them he succeeded in making an arrangement with a weekly paper to supply four or five comic verses every week for the modest stipend of five shillings. Later he was on the magazine staff of C. Arthur Pearson, and subsequently went to the *Daily Graphic,* where he rose to the position of chief editor. It is now his intention to resign and devote his entire time to the writing of fiction.

Horace Fielder Joyce.

V

Albert Edwards

When Albert Edwards was in Russia during the revolution a few years ago some solicitous relative wrote to him begging him to exercise a proper care for his personal safety. "You know," wrote this anxious one, "it is always the innocent bystander who is hurt." "Never fear," was the reassuring reply, "I'm neither innocent nor a bystander."

For the particular truth of this anecdote I cannot vouch, but it is illuminatingly characteristic of Mr. Edwards's way. Under a manner of admirable detachment and unconcern he hides, I suspect, a consuming interest in life which can only be satisfied by active participation. Yet his mental temper is that of the thinker, the student, and so he presents the somewhat rare combination of the observer of events who can take his place in the struggle which he observes without losing his impartial *sang-froid.*

It would be worth while for a biographer to try to account for this peculiarity, which certainly flavours Mr. Edwards's writings. This is not a biographical notice—I do not even know the A-B-C of Mr. Edwards's biography, the time and place of his birth—but if I were to hazard an interpretation of his character in the roughest, most general terms, I should say that Mr. Edwards is a Puritan born out of his time. That attitude of the disinterested observer comes oftener than not as the result of a struggle—a struggle in which early ideals have gone by the board because they had proved insufficient. But—let me assume for the moment that this is the case—the Puritan ideal, thrust out of the religious door, comes back through the window of social consciousness. This consciousness of the claims of society—it is something very like a religion to many a man of the younger generation, who has outgrown a traditional faith and found nothing better to take its place.

Mr. Edwards is a Socialist. His brand of Socialism may or may not fall completely under any of the current definitions, but of the essential fact no one can be in doubt who has read *A Man's World* and *Comrade Yetta.* He is also a critic of Socialism, for he is one of the rare men who never allow an enthusiasm to carry them out of the range of facts. Indeed, his one enthusiasm seems to be to know the fact—the truth. This one absorbing pursuit is apparently at bottom of all Mr. Edwards's varied and incongruous activities. He is a student, not by reason of any systematic work but by a habit of mind. He is also a man of action, a wanderer who has seen many cities and lands. Always the effort to come to grips with life at first hand. He was a settlement worker before he was a writer—a disillusioned yet perfectly cheerful settlement worker, one may guess. He has held a position in New York's penal system, where he gained the shrewd knowledge of the half-world of criminals and political graft that he puts to such good use in *A Man's World.* He has travelled in many countries: in Panama, about which he has written a standard work, Russia, the Balkans, Turkey, Greece, North Africa, not to mention the beaten paths of the tourists. He has faced difficulties and encountered adventures with the imperturbability that is one of his personal charms—for he is of those fortunate ones who never appear excited, who can contemplate a

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ALBERT EDWARDS

night alone in an African desert with the same nonchalance with which they would spend an evening at a New York Club.

It is a further sign of Mr. Edwards's personality that he by no means looks the adventurer—if the word may be applied to him in no derogatory sense. A tall, thin, loose-jointed, bearded young man, wearing big spectacles and with the slight stoop that is supposed to denote the burner of midnight oil; mild of manner, gentle of speech, almost to the point of diffidence. But back of the spectacles a pair of grey eyes looks out on the world with steady, reflective inquiry. His talk is so wholly free from self-assertion, so simple and straightforward, that one realises only in retrospect how good it is. Here is a man who has kept his mind open while he has used his eyes, who has a passion for es-

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RICHARD PRYCE

Richard Pryce was born at Boulogne in May, 1864, of English parents, his father being a colonel in the English army, and his mother the daughter of General Christopher Hamilton. He spent much of his childhood abroad, but returned to England to be educated at Leamington. He was only nineteen years old when his first book, "An Evil Spirit," was published, and since that time he has devoted himself entirely to writing. Mr. Pryce is best known in this country by the novels "Christopher," "The Burden of a Woman," "Elementary Jane," "Time and the Woman," and "Jezebel," and by the play "'Op o' me Thumb," which has been given successfully by Miss Maude Adams. Mr. Pryce is a nephew of the Reverend Richard Pryce, a witty divine of the old school, of whom it is related that he once accepted a challenge to preach *ex tempore* on any text which should be handed to him in the pulpit, and that when he found only a blank piece of paper, he immediately delivered an eloquent sermon on 1 Kings 18: 43, "And he went up and looked and saw there was nothing."

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tablishing the right relations of things, stronger than any prejudice in favour of this or that "interpretation." This is, you see, the strongest impression of the man that has been made on one, at least, of his friends: an impression that is, I think, confirmed by the evidence of those strongly personal documents, the novels, *A Man's World* and *Comrade Yetta*.

Burton Bancroft.

RICHARD PRYCE

An Appreciation

BY FELIX TRENT CARNEY

No one possessed of a discriminating taste in fiction can read any one of the novels of Richard Pryce without becoming at once aware that he has encountered a vigorous and interesting personality that well deserves a closer acquaintance. And if one obeys the promptings of impulse and proceeds diligently to assimilate the contents of the remaining volumes, the first favourable impression tends steadily to increase. There is in all his work the unmistakable stamp of quiet strength, of close observation, of an assured mastery of the rudiments of his craft, the line-work, so to speak, of verbal picture making. And yet, when one stops to analyse dispassionately the sum of his actual achievement, it is a trifle puzzling at first to determine where their chief merit lies, and indeed what there is about them altogether to justify their claim to high consideration. There are some authors that take us by storm with the boldness of their eccentricities, the iconoclasm of their innovations, the irresistible onward sweep of tumultuous phrase and sentence. There are others who charm with the grace of an impeccable style, the nice instinct for just the right word, building their phrases with the loving care of a setter of rare jewels; there are still others who are intent only on something of big import that they feel impelled to say, and they care little for the mere form of the saying, so long as the message finds intelligible utterance. Richard Pryce belongs to none of these classes; his first and chief distinction lies in his self-restraint; he is never flamboyant, never eccentric, but always emulating, in his themes and in his style, the principle that true refinement and distinction lie in an inconspicuous correctness.

It is this fundamental trait that makes Mr. Pryce somewhat difficult to place, for inconspicuousness is also frequently a characteristic of mediocrity. Yet as you become better acquainted with his books, you experience very much the same sort of growing exhilaration that you are occasionally privileged to feel in meeting a stranger whose outward quiet correctness of garb is absolutely non-committal, and who little by little, in keen, incisive, brilliant flashes, reveals something of the fires within. There are few of the younger novelists who are so free from mannerisms. It is even hard to guess which of the older or the contemporary novelists have served him as models, or even coloured his style. Here and there, for a moment, we think that we are on the brink of a discovery, that we have solved the secret of his literary genesis: there are pages in *Jezebel* in which a conscious straining after effect, a forced inversion of a phrase, bring the name of Henry James leaping to the lips; there are whole sections in the same volume in which those who seek it might almost fancy they could see the influence of Hewlett. And similarly one could enumerate a score of other writers who, taken as a whole, are equally remote in spirit and in method from Mr. Pryce, and who nevertheless seem to peer out at us from his pages for fugitive instants.

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All of which means, not that he is in any sense an imitator, but that he has read wisely and widely, not confining himself to the older generation, but keeping pace with what the best of his contemporaries have done and are doing at the present hour,—and this, of course, is the only way in which a novelist can be truly and fully of his own times.

And because he is thoroughly a modern in his tastes and his methods, it is quite true, as so many of his reviewers have pointed out, that he belongs in the school of younger British realists which already includes Galsworthy and Bennett, Leonard Merrick and W. B. Maxwell, to mention a few of the names most familiar to American readers. These writers, as is true of most so-called schools, may be found to have, on closer inspection, more points of divergence than of similarity; but they do have in common a clear-eyed outlook upon life, undimmed by the mists of illusion, a satiric enjoyment of the foibles and vanities of human nature, and an appreciation of the infinite importance of trifles in the practical working-out of the bigger problems of life. And this, which is the essence of the new realism, is also in the main the old realism as well; it differs less in kind than in degree from the realism of Jane Austen and Susan Ferrier.

But while speaking of the kinship between Richard Pryce and John Galsworthy, it is worth while to point out one wide divergence in particular, and one that serves as nothing else could, to emphasise a salient characteristic of the author whom we are mainly discussing. Galsworthy has undeniably a knack of seizing a personality and embodying it in a single sentence, with a touch of pungent satire thrown in that impresses its memory indelibly. So in a less pungent manner has Mr. Pryce. But here comes the difference: Galsworthy, even while he is drawing his people, flinging them in with an almost spendthrift generosity, labelling each one as conspicuously as though they bore on their persons the balloon-like labels with which Hogarth and Gillray were wont to adorn their caricatures,—Galsworthy, with all his gift of characterisation, plainly uses people as a means to an end; he is always far more interested in humanity as a whole than in the individual man or woman; one even suspects that he is more interested in abstract theories of ethics or sociology than he is in humanity. Mr. Pryce stands at the opposite extreme: Humanity, society, this little village community or that small social clique are all very well in their way; but his chief interest, first, last and all the time, is the individual Man or Woman,—especially the Woman. In the five volumes now before us, he has painted a whole portrait gallery of them that stretch in a lengthening line of memorable feminine witchery. They number among them both good women and frail women, women whom the world has labelled "bad," and others who assume a virtue though they have it not. Who could forget, even if he would, Cora St. Jemison or Araby Ruthven, or Mary Redwing, or Jezebel Dormoral,—Jezebel, who is perhaps the most haunting of all his comely young women? And it is not merely the young women of high or low degree that he can draw with a dangerous facility: his faded spinsters, his opulent dowagers, his neglected and disillusioned wives in the autumn time of their years, his nurses and lady's maids, one and all bear the assured touch of the precocious connoisseur of women.

Yet from this paramount interest in the individual rather than in the race comes the one real weakness of Richard Pryce, the one valid reason for regarding him as of less serious importance than several of his contemporaries,—to be specific, since we have already been comparing them, than Mr. Galsworthy himself. It is this: he not only cares mainly for the individual, but he cares vastly more what that individual is than what he does; he finds such contentment in telling us day by day and hour by hour how his people feel and what they think and what they say, that much of the time their actions, the ultimate destinies which

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they are building for themselves seem to be, in his eyes, of second importance. Indeed, it is difficult to extract from any of his stories any really important philosophic principle, or the solution of any of the bigger problems of life. In *The Burden of a Woman,* to be sure, he teaches that chastity is not solely a matter of specific acts, and that the woman who sins in her heart is less worthy than the frailer sister who repents. All of which is good New Testament teaching, but without any element of novelty.

Indeed, in view of the extent to which he makes his stories hinge upon what his characters are, rather than upon what they do, one is tempted to coin a paradoxical term to define him, and call him an optimistic fatalist. It is really the only term that quite describes the unvarying cheerfulness with which he shows us a long succession of likable men and women, one and all moving forward to some crisis foreordained for them by their inherited temperament, or by the physical laws of life. To revert for a moment to *The Burden of a Woman,* here we have, in the picturesque setting of a little Welsh farming village, the study of a woman who is expiating one youthful error by daily dread of exposure of her secret and the stigma of shame that will attach to her fatherless child. In the course of time she becomes almost happy in the fancied security of this village where she has buried herself; but fate intervenes and decrees that Peter Davidson, stubborn and unyielding as the day of judgment, shall fall in love with her, and that the woman's native honesty shall force her to tell him her story. She cannot help being honest, he cannot help being hard and unyielding, and so it is inevitable that Hannah Rees, with a clean record and a wanton disposition, shall win him and teach him some elemental truths of the meaning of chastity.

Then there is *Elementary Jane.* Jane Smith, who for vaudeville purposes comes to be known as Jennie Tandem, passes unpolluted through all the temptations and pitfalls of music-hall life, simply because she is so constituted; her nature is simple, childlike, unawakened, —and even after its awakening, she remains "elementary," single throughout life in her affections: she might at one time have married either one of two men and loved truly whichever she chose; but having once made her choice, it is not in her nature, even after she finds that she has chosen unwisely, to love a second time.

Or take *Time and the Woman:* In Joan Ruthven we have one of those unwholesome, unscrupulous, vampire-like women, such as, according to Mr. Kipling, abound in the Anglo-Indian social circles; she delights in annexing young men of wealth and breeding and good looks, and keep them dangling after her so long as they personally please her or their devotion causes anxiety to their family,—the latter being perhaps the keener source of amusement. But, unfortunately for herself, Mrs. Ruthven has a young daughter, Araby, an "impossible" girl, her mother insists, a girl with a clean mind and worthy ideals, and physically a slim, straight body and proud little head, crowned with a glory of red hair,—"How I hate red hair," Mrs. Ruthven is fond of telling her daughter, "go away, your hair makes my eyes ache!" Well, the time comes when Mrs. Ruthven carefully plans to "annex" young Gerald Ventnor, not only because it will make younger women envious, but also because she is more than usually attracted, and perhaps also because she realises that fate is not likely to grant her much longer immunity from the ravages of time. But Gerald, just on the verge of falling a victim to her practiced arts, catches sight of Araby, the impossible daughter, wavers, compares age and youth, and elects to make the older woman his mother-in-law rather than his mistress. All of which, as Mr. Pryce with his accustomed cheerfulness makes quite clear to us, is far less a matter of temperament or of free will than simply of the passage of time, the slow, inexorable circuit of the earth around the sun.

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Then there are *Christopher* and *Jezebel:* In the former, a young man makes his family quite wretched because he sets his heart upon marrying a young person who happens to be the daughter of a woman they "cannot afford to know," a woman with whom Christopher's stepfather once eloped. But Cora St. Jamison, the girl in question, has inherited something of her mother's wanton blood, and in the end she solves the awkward family deadlock by unceremoniously breaking loose and flinging Christopher aside. And here once again the solution depends on inherited traits. And lastly in *Jezebel* we also have a kindred situation of a young man who wishes to marry the daughter of their nearest neighbour, Lord Dormoral, in spite of a lasting family feud. Jezebel is supposed to be an illegitimate child, and the fact that her mother eloped shortly after her birth gives colour to the local gossip. But the whole point of the book turns upon the fact that gossip is wrong, that Jezebel is soul and body a true Dormoral,—and since it is a characteristic of the Dormorals to obtain what they set their hearts upon, she ends by overbearing opposition and receiving the blessing of both families upon the union.

These brief notes fall far short of touching upon the novels in question in anything like the way they deserve. But the limits of a brief paper preclude more detailed analysis. The one object has been to point out Mr. Pryce's persistent use of heredity and fate as solutions for the problems of life. That they are factors in it needs no argument; but men and women are free agents to a much greater extent than Mr. Pryce seems to admit. If he would occasionally allow his people to be victors instead of vanquished in the fight of the individual against heredity and environment, he would make a long stride forward toward the high place to which he would seem to be entitled.

* * *

The August instalment of "The Grub Street Problem" will leap the Atlantic and survey the cost of living in the Eastern States in Poe's time—roughly speaking, during the first half of the nineteenth century. It is a picturesque period of physical and spiritual transition from a government of aristocracy to a government of democracy. In the history of the world no locality ever changed more rapidly or radically than New York City during this time; and throughout the seaboard States the introduction of the new methods of communication reacted on the cost as well as on the style of living in a way that bewildered people. This caused them to write down very fully their impressions in diary and letter, and to sound more loudly than it had ever been sounded before the ancient lamentation that the good old days had departed and that the poorhouse was staring them in the face.

THE GRUB STREET PROBLEM

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART V—IN MR. PICKWICK'S LIFETIME

"MY dear Madam," said one of the Longmans in the early forties, "nobody wants poetry now. Bring me in a cookery book and we might come to terms." The lady did. That book has been selling ever since, but no one bought the poems she issued on the strength of its success.

Such a person Carlyle would have called a Rope-Dancer or at least Chameleonic! And in less than no time he could have whipped up a mighty scorn of such miserable timeservers. "My dear sir," in 1847 he wrote to an aspirant, "the incomes of literary men even of a high reputation vary, according as

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the men work for popularity by itself or for other objects, from £4000 a year to perhaps £200 or lower. Reporters to the daily papers, whose industry is the humblest of all real or unservile kinds in literature, receive, as I have heard, about £200 a year. Perhaps, all things considered, a man of sense reduced to live by writing would decide that in the economical respect these men's position was actually the best. A person of real toughness and assiduity, not ashamed to feel himself a slave, contrives in some popular department of *rope-dancing,* with moderate talent otherwise, to gain sometimes considerable wages; in other cases dies of heartbreak, drinking, and starvation. But for a man really intent to do a *man's work* in literature in these times, I should say that even with the highest talent he might have to be fed oftentimes like Elijah by the ravens."

But high-souled or low-souled, there were 4,000 people in London in 1837 who lived, or said they lived, by literary work. Never had Grub Street been so populous. "It is now some twenty-three months since I earned one penny by the craft of literature," Carlyle testified in 1835. This is perhaps the cost of having a soul; it is our business to ascertain the cost of having a body.

THE CARLYLES

"I find living here very high," Thomas Carlyle wrote to his mother from his Edinburgh lodgings. "An hour ago I paid my week's bill, which though 15s. 6d. was the smallest of the three I have yet discharged. This is an unreasonable sum when I consider the slender accommodation and the paltry, ill-cooked morsel which is my daily pittance. I know not how to speak about the washing which you offer so kindly. Surely you thought five years ago that this troublesome washing and baking was over." His mother was sending him up by carrier oatmeal, cakes, and butter—a habit which she continued all her life.

Nevertheless, in spite of his high lodgings and his low earnings, he had managed to save £200 to begin housekeeping with Jane Welsh in 1826. From the Edinburgh house where they spent their honeymoon he wrote his mother that his wife helped out the one maid with cooking "custards, pancakes, and other like ware," once using up some of the country eggs that the carrier had cracked on the way. "A woman comes here weekly with a fresh stock of eggs and I eat just one daily, the price being 15d. per dozen."

Then they went to live at Craigenputtock, a lonely farm belonging to her mother. "Jane watches [the workmen] with an eye like any hawk's, from which nothing crooked, unplumb, or irregular can hide itself a moment. And then, to crown our felicity, we have two fowls hatching in the wood, a duck with twelve eggs and a hen with (if I mistake not) eleven, from which great things are expected. Three nights ago we slew a Highland stot and salted him in a barrel, and his puddings even now adorn the kitchen ceiling." Mrs. Carlyle wrote to a friend: "Husbands, I was shocked to find, wore their stockings into holes and were always losing buttons, and I was expected to 'look to all that'; also that it behooved me to learn to cook, no capable servant choosing to live in such an out-of-the-way place." Her two immediate predecessors in this out-of-the-way place had gone mad and the third had taken to drink. But Mrs. Carlyle—not having her husband's cloud-capped schemes to occupy her mind—had a sudden inspiration that "in the sight of the Upper Powers there was no mighty difference between a statue of Perseus and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing one's hand has found to do. Determined will, energy, patience, resource would work out no more fitly with one than the other." The Perseus she carved out upon that lonely moor became a radiant and virile rescuer in the years to come, to many lorn Andromedas.

When she was going down to London to join her husband in the lodgings he had taken, she wrote to his mother. "Carlyle wants me to bring some butter, oatmeal, etc., which are not to be got

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good in London for love or money." When they set up housekeeping in Cheyne Row, both she and Thomas bragged of her management, as well they might have done. Of Leigh Hunt's house near by he wrote to his brother: "It is a poetical Tinkerdom without parallel even in literature. In his family room you will find half a dozen old rickety chairs gathered from half a dozen different hucksters, and all seemingly engaged and just pausing in a violent hornpipe. On these and around them and over the dusty table and ragged carpet lie all kinds of litter—books, papers, eggshells, scissors, and last night when I was there the torn heart of a half-quartern loaf. Yet he receives you in his Tinkerdom with the spirit of a king." Jane wrote: "To see how they live and waste here, it is a wonder the whole city does not 'bankrape,' flinging platefuls of what they are pleased to denominate crusts (that is, what I consider the best of the bread) into the ashpits. Mrs. Hunt, in plain unadorned English, is the most wretched of managers and is often at the point of not having a copper in her purse."

Thomas wrote his mother a list of provisions he wanted her to send. "We take two pounds of potatoes daily, and they sell here at three half-pence or at the lowest a penny, and are seldom good. We need almost a pound of oatmeal daily. Our meal has been done for a fortnight, and we have the strangest shifts for a supper. Amongst others flour porridge, exactly shoemaker's paste only clean; and at last have been obliged to take some of the Scotch oatmeal sold in the shops here—very dear, 5d. a quart by measure. The butter is always excellent (churned I believe out of milk) at the easy rate of 16d. a pound. N.B. We get coffee to breakfast (at eight or nearly so), have very often mutton chops to dinner at three, then tea at six. We have 4d. of cream, 2d. of milk daily. This is our diet." Jane wrote to his mother:

Mrs. Hunt torments my life with borrowing. She actually borrowed one of the brass fenders the other day. Irons, glasses, teacups, silver spoons are in constant requisition; and when one sends for them, the whole number can never be found. Is it not a shame to manage so with eight guineas a week to keep house on? It makes me very indignant to see all the waste that goes on around me, when I am needing so much care and calculation to make both ends meet; when we dine out, to see as much expended on a dessert of fruit (for no use but to give people a colic) as would keep us in necessaries for two or three weeks. My present maid has a grand-uncle in town with upward of £100,000; at a great dinner he had he gave £5 for a couple of pineapples when scarce; and here is his niece working all the year through for £8 and he has never given her a farthing since she came to London.

After a visit in 1845 she writes: "The housekeeping in my absence has been carried on at some 6 or 7s. a week less than if I had been at home, which is all as it should be, for I defy three people to live as we do on less than 30s. a week. I do think the little creature is very careful."

In 1855 he demurred at making her a larger housekeeping allowance. Thereupon she presented him with the delightful declaration of independence which (much condensed) follows. She calls it the Budget of a Femme Incomprise.

Through 6 and 20 years I have kept house for you at more or less cost according to given circumstances, but always on less than it costs the generality of people living in the same style. You don't understand why the allowance sufficient in former years is no longer sufficient. The beginning of my embarrassment was the repairing of the house. We have a servant of higher grade than we ever ventured on before; more expensive in money. Anne's wages are £16 a year; Fanny's were £13. Most of the others had £12; and Anne never dreams of being other than well-fed. The others scrambled for their living out of ours. Her regular meat dinner, regular allowance of butter, etc., adds at least £3 to the year's bill. But I see houses not half so well kept with cook, housemaid, and manservant. Anne is the last item I should vote for retrenching in.

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I may set her down, however, at six additional pounds.

Provisions of all sorts are higher priced than in former years. 4s. a week for bread instead of 2s. 6d. makes at the year's end a difference of £3 18s. Butter has kept all the year round 2d. a pound dearer than I ever knew it, there is a difference of 21s. 8d. by the year. Butcher's meat is 1d. a pound dearer—at the rate of a pound and a half a day, bones included—no exorbitant allowance for three people—the difference on that at the year's end would be £2 5s. 6d. Coals which had been for some years at 21s. per ton cost this year 26s.; last year 29s., bought judiciously too. If I had to pay 50s., as some housewives had to, God knows what would have become of me. (Passionate cries of *Question! question!*) We burn or used to burn—I am afraid they are going faster this winter—12 tons, one year with another. Candles are riz: composites 1s. a pound instead of 10d.; dips 8d. instead of 5 or 6d. Of the former we burn three pounds in nine days—the greater part of the year you sit so late—and of dips two pounds a fortnight on the average. Bacon is 2d. a pound dearer; soap ditto; potatoes at the cheapest 1d. a pound instead of three pounds for 2d. We use three pounds of potatoes in two days' meals. Who could imagine that at the year's end that makes a difference of 15s. 2d. on one's mere potatoes? What I should blush to state if I were not at *bay*, so to speak; ever since we have been in London *you* have in the handsomest manner paid the winter's butter with your own money, though it was not in the bond. And this gentlemanlike proceeding on your part, till the butter became uneatable, was a good £2 saved me.

Add up these differences.

1. Rise on servant	£ 6. 0.0
2. Rise on light and water	1.14.0
3. On taxes	7.16.8
4. On provisions	12. 0.0
5. Cessation of butter	2. 0.0
	£29.10.8

Anne must have been a treasure if so excellent a housekeeper thought she was worth £16; and even Fanny seems to have got more than the average. For an inspection of the advertisements in the *Times* shows that £10 and £11 was the common wage for general servants and housemaids in the fifties in London. (£20 a year was the modern equivalent for the corresponding London servant yesterday!) But it is a rash man who would impugn Jane's housekeeping (as another doubting Thomas found out), and Jane got off very cheaply on her food at any rate. In 1841 it was estimated that the average expense of board and wages for a female servant was £35 a year, and of a male servant, including livery, £60.

But servants even of Jane were not always treasures. "As a specimen of the waste of my incorrigible goose of a big beautiful housemaid," she wrote in 1864, when they were keeping two servants, "figure three pounds of fresh butter at 20d. a pound regularly consumed in the kitchen, and half a pound of tea at 4s. made away with in four days!" For all her thrift, Mrs. Carlyle did not find out until later that she was paying dear for her housemaid's beauty rather than her stupidity—the goose was entertaining several admirers nightly in the kitchen. Poor, splendid Jeannie! She never could spend much on herself, as her husband wrote afterwards and blistered it with tears. "The only part of my own money I can be said to have spent needlessly," she wrote in 1864, "was a guinea and a half for—you would never guess what! —for a miniature of you!! Such a beauty. Every one who sees it screams with rapture over it. Even Ruskin!" She groaned when, toward the end of her ailing life, the doctor ordered a fly for two hours a day—though the keep of his horse had for many years been 25s. a week. She did not like to cost him 7s. several times a week. At last Carlyle, having spent years in talking about it, started out to buy her a Brougham. Careful of his money to the end (though a good deal of it was hers!) she dragged herself to half a dozen coachmakers before she bought one. At £60 her livery stable man considered it a great bargain,

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"perfectly new and handsome in a plain way."

How she was bedevilled (to use her favourite expression, but in another connection) by poor Carlyle! Fancy a man who pays £35 a year for his house being willing to pay for an addition to it (which nobody was to use but himself) the tidy sum of £170! For this is what the famous sound-proof room cost at last —constructed on the roof, above the noise of cocks and street-cries and neighbours' pianos. This while they were living at the rate of £300, considerably over half the year's expenses! Yet he chides her for exceeding an allowance long outworn—though from it she had squeezed £5 as a bribe for wringing the necks of some neighbourly cocks which had driven him frantic.

LONDON LODGINGS AND RENTS

Like other visitors before him (though with perhaps less trustworthiness on account of his dyspepsia), Carlyle spoke of the stenches and horrors of Edinburgh lodgings. He found the task of room-hunting in London less abominable. His English landladies, too, were far better than his Scotch ones. "I have a good, clean, quiet bed," he wrote, "and the landlady and her pretty granddaughter almost become as dead women every time we speak, so reverential are they and so prompt to help." He found a "very beautiful sitting-room and an immense bedroom above, quiet and airy," for which he paid 25s. weekly. "I live at the rate of 5 and 40s. per week," he wrote to his brother at another time, "a fine clean quiet spot with a landlady and a couple of rooms almost exactly such as I was wanting." This he called "horrible expensiveness," possibly because a friend had offered to board him and a horse for £40 a year at his house in Epping Forest. "How poor we were and yet how rich," he writes of the time when he and his wife lodged in Ampton Street Grays Inn Lane, "a clean and decent pair of rooms and quiet decent people reduced from wealth to keeping lodgings and prettily resigned to it."

In 1834 he wrote to his brother he intended to give up the establishment at Craigenputtock, sell off the furniture, keeping only enough to equip a very modest house in the suburbs of London. "We imagine some suburban house may be got for £40. Leigh Hunt talked much about a quite delightful one he had (for 'ten children' too) at Chelsea, all wainscoted, etc., for thirty guineas. With £200 we fancy the *rigour* of economy may enable us to meet the year." He went back to his old London lodgings and walked till his feet were lamed under him, he said, looking for a suitable house. Finally he took one sixty yards from Hunt.

Chelsea was once the resort of the Court and great, hence innumerable old houses in it at once cheap and excellent. The house itself is eminent, antique, wainscoted to the very ceiling, all new-painted and repaired; broadish stairs with massive balustrade (in the old style). It has three stories beside the sunk story, in every one of them three apartments, in depth something like forty feet in all—a front dining-room, a breakfast-room, a china-room or pantry all shelved and fit to hold crockery for the whole street. Every bedroom with a dressing-room or second bedroom. On the whole a massive, roomy, sufficient old house with places, for example, to hang up, say, three dozen hats or cloaks on, and as many crevices and queer old presses and shelved closets as would gratify the most covetous Goody [her pet name]—rent £35. Finally Chelsea abounds more than any place in omnibi, and they take you to Coventry Street for sixpence.

Carlyle's rent of £35 was never raised in all the years he lived there. Other people, however, were not so fortunate. Lodgings had been going up, as was to be expected from the rapid growth of the city. In 1800 the population had not reached the million mark, but in 1840 London had 1,700,000 people inhabiting 263,000 houses. Carlyle had gone once to look up Dr. Johnson's old lodgings and found the landlord remembered that a famous "school-master" had lived there; but in spite of the fact that no one was more interested in prices than Car-

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lyle, he—maddeningly enough—neglected to say what the landlord wanted for the rooms he was so anxious to let. Possibly almost double, for rents had been steadily growing since Johnson's day and his "garret" was in a well-settled part of town and not in a suburb as Carlyle's were, with a bus fare in every direction. This made a difference, for even in 1817 Charles Lamb was paying almost as much for two rooms on the third floor and five above, as Carlyle for a whole house and garden.

Living at Number 4 Inner Temple Lane—"where Hare Court's trees come in at the window so that it's like living in a garden"—cost Lamb £30 a year in 1809. These were certainly no cheaper than some apartments, with an inner staircase to himself, which he told Coleridge were luxurious in 1801—for in 1809 his salary as clerk was about £300, whereas in 1801 it was about £140. "The Baron lives on the ground floor for convenience of the gout; I prefer the attic story for the air. N.B. When you come to see me mount up to the top of the stair—I hope you're not asthmatical—and come in flannel, for it's pure airy up there. I can see the white sails gliding by the bottom of King's Bench walks as I lie in bed." The year before this, he lived in Chancery Lane—"I have got three rooms including servant under £34 a year." As Lamb had an "attic" it has pleased sentimentalists to think of him as poor, but his salary had always been sufficient and increased automatically until in his last year of office it was £730.

John Dickens had paid in 1804 for his house at Portsea the same sum as Carlyle. He was seventh assistant clerk in the Navy Pay Office at £80 when he married, and yet he paid almost one-half of it in rent. Carlyle had allowed one-fifth of his income for that purpose. From this alone, one may gather that John Dickens would have been a bad manager if he had ever tried to manage anything. In spite of the fact that his salary in 1816 became £200 without extras (a round solid sum, said Carlyle, for which a man is likely to do much) and in 1820 became £350, he began to go down hill. "Substitute him for Mr. Micawber and Mrs. Dickens for Mrs. Micawber and make David Copperfield their son," says Marzials, "and you will have a record of Dickens's childhood." John (and Charles, too, for that matter) was as temperamentally unable as Mr. Micawber to remember long that if a man had £20 a year and spent £19 19s. 6d. he would be happy, but a shilling the other way would make him wretched.

Some men even in John Dickens's class had but £20 a year in his time. In 1810 there were twelve livings in England and Wales not exceeding £10 and seventy-two not exceeding £20. These clergymen had to live and it was notorious that, like the Vicar of Wakefield, they brought up large families rather than merely talked of patriotism. It is, perhaps, too much to expect of the average man that he be the good manager mentioned in a London newspaper in 1814. "A clergyman died lately at the age of ninety. During the early part of his life his benefice brought him only £12 a year. It was afterward increased (perhaps by Queen Ann's bounty) to £18, which it never exceeded. On this income he married, brought up four children, lived comfortably with his neighbours, educated a son at the University, and left £1,000 behind him." Congratulations to this long-dead economist! Jeannie Carlyle herself would have wondered how he contrived even with 90 years to have saved 55 years' salary.

But titans aside, Samuel Phelps, the actor, married on an irregular wage of 18s. a week considerably later than John Dickens. Fred Belton, in 1834, was getting £1 5s. and his intended got 30s. (when they got it). Both were "well educated, sensitively alive to the value of delicate living and clothing; yet upon this bare stipend we honestly contrived to pay our way and live respectably in every sense." Haydon, the artist, records that the two porters at the Academy in 1808 received £50; and that he admired one

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of them very much for the comfort of his house and the respectable rearing of his family. Thus it seems that John Dickens might have got along on his £350.

The Journal of the Royal Statistical Society gives us a list of the rents of the working classes in St. George's Parish, Hanover Square, in 1842. The greater part of the parish, it says, is occupied by the houses of the higher class and of opulent tradesmen; and the rents are extremely high on account of this aristocratic proximity. The average is 4s. 3d. a week; 4s. 6d. and 5s. are the usual sums paid for an unfurnished room on the second and third floors. Consequently if Mrs. Dickens and her children had been able to leave "the two parlours of the emptied house in Gower Street, where they were camped out like gypsies," before they went to stay with Mr. Micawber (or rather Mr. Dickens) in prison, they might have lived in very respectable lodgings for about 6s. thirty years earlier than this. In 1827, when Charles was fifteen, he entered the office of a second solicitor in Gray's Inn for 13s. 6d. a week, afterwards 15s.; and a stripling on that stipend could have found very suitable lodgings for a third of that sum in a less sanctified neighbourhood than Hanover Square. In 1806 Lamb had a crotchet about not being able to write at home. "Have taken a room at 3s. a week to be in between 5 and 8 at night," he wrote to Hazlitt, "to avoid my nocturnal—alias *knock-eternal*—visitors." This room must have been in the neighbourhood of the Temple, and Charles Dickens could have got a less desirable one twenty years later for 4s. at the most.

POST AND CONVEYANCE

Postage during the first twenty years of the century was no inconsiderable item. With the coaches the charge depended upon the distance, and the smallest letter to any remote part of England cost 1s. 6d. To Cork the rate was 17d., to Edinburgh 13½d., to Manchester 11d. It was not considered polite to prepay the postage, and thus the arrival of a letter was often embarrassing. The poor, of course, never wrote letters at this rate. "A letter costs a dinner," wrote Wilkie Collins senior, "so write nothing unless you have other business." It was the high cost of letters that made people write such small hands and then criss-cross them, for two sheets meant double postage. Miss Mitford spent six hours copying out a microscopic letter. The exorbitant tax on letters, like the exorbitant tax on hair-powder, defeated its own object. People gave up powdering and wrote only when they considered it worth the money. "Out of my last shilling," said Phelps, "I sent a letter home telling the good news and paid 8d. for the postage." John Litchfield, in London, wrote Charles Mathews in York: "£69 at your benefit! You can afford to pay for my letters." Mathews wrote back: "It was £96. Though had it been 69 I should have paid postage with pleasure, and hope I shall again in a few days."

Not until 1838 were the mails carried by the railways. Just to Brighton a single sheet folded and sealed cost 8d., and if it weighed over a quarter of an ounce the postage shot up—a letter over 1¾ ounces and under 2 became 4s. 8d. Yet a proposed change in even these preposterous conditions met the brick wall of opposition which in England confronts all novelty. In 1840, however, a uniform penny post was put into operation; and the post-offices, which numbered 3,000 to 11,000 parishes when Victoria came to the throne, began to change their ratio to the population; and contrary to croakers, nothing smashed but rural isolation. In 1840 a letter to France by the Dover Packet cost 10d., to Germany and Belgium 1s. 4d.; to Greece and Turkey 2s. 8½d.; to Italy 1s. 7d. By steam vessels to the few countries which had them, the postage was higher. A letter to the United States cost 1s.; to Cuba and Mexico 3s. 1d. In 1850 the rate to Continental countries via Belgium had fallen to 8d., via France 5d.; but the rate to the United States still remained 1s.

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As for London conveyances, the rates of chairmen in 1803 were 1s. 6d. for the first hour and 6d. for every hour afterward. If paid by the distance 1s. not exceeding a mile; 1s. 6d. not exceeding a mile and a half; for every half mile afterward 6d. It was still fashionable for ladies to do their shopping sitting in their chair on the street and examining the goods which the shopkeeper urbanely displayed before them—a custom which doubtless proceeded from the fact that the purposely darkened shop-room of the Elizabethans made it unsafe to do any purchasing inside. Almost fifty years later Mrs. Carlyle speaks of sitting in her Brougham and inspecting cloth for purchase. The hackney coaches of 1800 were generally old ones discarded by wealthy people. In 1802 there were 1,100 public coaches, and in seventeen years there were only 200 more. The fares were fixed by law and were the same for four persons. In the second decade people began to give up using the Thames as a street, and by 1860 the watermen's fares were no longer published in the *Annual*. In 1803 these fares were 7s. to 10s. 6d. per day; 14s. from London Bridge to Windsor for a whole boat or 2s. for each person; down to Gravesend 6s. or 1s. each person. To cross below the bridge 1d., above 2d.; a half mile for scullers 3d. and for oars 6d.—scullers to take four persons and oars six, at those fares. But nobody was ever surprised when boatmen emphatically refused legal rates. The three bridges were generally choked with traffic, and ramshackle London Bridge—as enshrined in children's song—perpetually threatened "falling down." The first cabs in London came in 1823, and other people than the Wellers were opposed to such mad locomotion. The first omnibuses (which made other localities than Chelsea accessible) were arks holding twenty-two persons inside and drawn by three horses. The fare was 6d. for any part of the journey. At first, they left the suburbs at 9 A.M. and returned from the City at 5 P.M. By 1837 there were licensed 400 omnibuses, 1,200 cabs, 600 hackneys. The hackneys now charged 1s. a mile or half-hour, and 6d. every additional mile or quarter-hour. Twenty years later they were charging 6d. a mile; or if hired at 2s. the hour, the driver did not have to go faster than four miles an hour. "Harriet Martineau's soirées were frequent and crowded," wrote Carlyle in his journal, "and we, for the sake of the notabilities or notorieties, were willing to attend. My darling was always dressed to modest perfection, but the expense of 10s. 6d. for 'a neat fly' was never to be thought of—omnibus, with clogs and the best of care, that was always our resource. Surely, even I might have taken a cab from Regent Street, 1s. 6d. Shame on me!"

SCHOOLS

Although John Dickens's salary in 1823 was £350, Mrs. Micawber (that is to say, Mrs. Dickens) tried to lighten their increasing poverty by keeping school. Here is a school advertisement of 1800.

The Young Ladies are boarded and taught the English and French languages with grammatical purity and correctness, history and needleworks, for twenty-five guineas per annum, washing included. Day boarders three guineas per quarter; day scholars one and one-half guineas. Wanted, a young lady of a docile disposition and genteel address as an apprentice or half-boarder. She will enjoy many advantages which are not to be met with in the generality of schools. Terms thirty guineas for two years.

Note the suggestion conveyed in not capitalising the young person last desired and in demanding docility. One hopes that such academies often harboured a Becky Sharp. In 1814 Carlyle took a position as mathematical tutor at Annan and made £60 or £70 a year at schoolmastering. His expenses were not large, for in four years he saved about £90. This was an excellent wage for a schoolmaster, not only in proportion to what was paid elsewhere but to what first-class artisans of the period were earning. The largest sum Carlyle's father ever earned in one year as country mason was £100.

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The Scotch, of course, thought more of educated men than the English, but not every Scotchman was willing to pay well for an education. "Two guineas a month for each hour! That is perfectly extravagant," said an Edinburgh man when Carlyle applied as instructor of mathematics in 1819. "I believe it to be the rate," answered Carlyle stiffly, "at which every teacher of respectability in Edinburgh officiates." Afterward, he received £200 a year for tutoring two young men, he finding expenses.

In London the inclusive charges at St. Paul's were £36. At the schools in the suburbs the charge for board and lodging, with education on the side, was generally £20 a year; but mending and tips, books, paper and pens were usually extra and often doubled the sum.—The masters might well have charged for pens if of steel. In 1830 steel pens were still dear, says John Ashton in *Old Times*. "Warranted not to require mending," runs an advertisement, "and to write better than any other pen whatever, as cheap as the common pen. Price per packet of 9 pens of the best quality 3s. 6d." In 1837 they had gone down to 1s. 3d.—A middle-class school in 1830 six miles from London, "for the reception of gentlemen designed for mercantile pursuits, the legal and medical professions, the naval and military institutions and the Universities," advertises its terms per annum thus: "A mercantile course with mathematics, history, geography, use of the globes, astronomy and so forth, 25 guineas; or with the classics and including drawing, music, and dancing, 30 guineas." A better class one advertises: "Young Gentlemen are received from 4 to 20 years of age. Terms from 4 to 10 years, 25 guineas; 10 to 15, 35 guineas; 15 to 20, 40 guineas; parlour boarders, 80 guineas per annum." Girls' boarding schools cost as much as boys, but their day-schools were very cheap—one guinea a quarter and taught by "professors of eminence."

In the country men would take boys as low as £10. Dotheboys Hall at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, had its schoolmaster, Mr. Squeers, attend daily at the Saracen's Head, and its charge was 20 guineas per annum and no vacations. Dickens could have seen almost any day an advertisement in the *Times* of Bowes Academy, Greta Bridge, Yorkshire, "to provide youths with education, board, and clothes, and every necessary at 20 guineas; and the master of another school attended daily at the Saracen's Head. The real Squeers was not so black as he was painted, says a communication in *Notes and Queries,* and the boys were used very well and fed as well as could be expected for the money.

CLOTHES

As lady authors flocked in with the century (Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Jameson, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Opie, Hannah More, Ann Radcliffe, and all the rest), our list of Grub Street expenses must be widened.

A West-End Coiffeur advertised in 1800:

> Correct imitations of Nature. To Ladies of Rank and Fashion. Full Dress Head-Dresses of long hair, judiciously matched and in beauty far superior. Price 4, 5, 6½, 8, 10, 12, 15, 20 guineas.
>
> Real Natural Curl Head-Dresses. These cannot be described, they must be seen. 5 guineas.
>
> Forced Natural Curl Head-Dresses of such Natural Curled Hairs as have not a sufficient curl; therefore it is assisted by Art. 4 guineas.
>
> Plain Curled Head-Dresses made of Hair originally straight but curled by baking, boiling, etc. 3 guineas.
>
> In order to account for the apparent high prices of the above, it is necessary to observe that all that Bowman uses is collected at Fairs from the French Peasants on the Continent, which (from the present convulsed state) is very dear, and no part of it is Men's Hair.
>
> Ladies' Hair dressed at 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d.

W. Welsford, Tailor, in the *Morning Post,* 1805

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respectfully informs the public that he continues to pursue the plan originally adopted by him six years since of SUPPLYING CLOTHES on the following Terms. Four Suits of Superfine Clothes, the old Suits to be returned in one year £16. Five Suits £18 18s. Six suits £21 10s. Those Gentlemen who should not prefer the above Contract may be supplied at the undermentioned reduced price. A coat of the best Superfine Cloth, complete £2 12s. A fine Fancy Waistcoat 14s. Superfine double-milled Cassimere Breeches £1 4s. Superfine Pantaloons £1.

Ladies' pelisses cost less than gentlemen's coats. Jane Austen notes in her correspondence in 1811 that they were selling in London for 17s. each. Checked muslin, she says, cost 7s., coloured muslin 3s. 6d. Beaver hats for both sexes were very expensive, but they could by repair be made to last a long while.

Breeches disappeared and pantaloons were worn in their stead. But the new fashion came in cautiously, as befitted so momentous a change. Pantaloons were first neutralised by being made very tight and worn with knee Hessians. "I remember," says Fred Belton, "that in his Hessian boots and nankeen tights a great beau would never sit down, lest he should bulge at the knees." Then the more radical audaciously discarded the boots and frankly sported pantaloons of elastic stuff fitting tightly. These required well-turned legs, and false calves now added a new expense to life. While the way a man might encase his legs offered the most obvious play to the individual temperament, its most subtle manifestation was his neck. Neckcloths might be six fold and hours could be spent in their exquisite adjustment, though it was not until another decade that they rippled and glided in a rivulet of satin meandering through a meadow of shirt front with dim vistas of flowered waistcoat beyond.

When wigs were given up, Walpole said it meant farewell to all individuality. But only the giddy-pated thought of wearing their hair short or naked. Most respectable people had it veneered with powder. "A thorough head-dressing for drill cost my uncle three hours," said Belton. "It commenced with a good washing to get rid of the old dressing; then a basin of lard and flour was brought to thicken the hair; then to it was attached a kind of rough foundation with false pigtail; then his own hair raised over it, forming a kind of toupé. It was then left slowly to dry, the dresser by degrees puffing with a small bellows from which issued violet powder until the mass became firm, hard, and faultlessly white. This kept good for a week or more with occasional powder and a new black ribbon to give it freshness. This torture was insignificant to what the ladies suffered. The poor things had to lie for nights in one position, for fear of disturbing their towering head-dresses."

We might possibly still be powdering our hair (for now that ear-rings have returned, who will dare assert that we are of a saner age!), had it not been that God sent bad harvests and the scarcity of flour made an excessive tax on powder. In 1812 there were more than 46,000 "guinea-pigs" in England, as the people were called who paid the tax of one guinea for powdering their hair. But with a tax of £20 on an income of £200, one began to think twice about such matters; and the rich began to beat their powdering closets into linen-shelves.

In the Greville Memoirs is this note of interest for 1830. "I went yesterday to the sale of the king's wardrobe. He never gave anything away except his linen. These clothes are the perquisites of his pages and will fetch a pretty sum. His profusion in these articles was unbounded, because he never paid for them." The *Times* said there were many pairs of boots and shoes, which sold at 5s. one with the other. The cambric and silk handkerchiefs produced a guinea each, although the pages said they were not worth but 7s. A pair of fine kid trousers of ample dimensions, lined with white satin, went for 12s.

Jane wrote to her mother in 1834:

Now that franks are coming back into

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the world, one need not wait for an inspired moment to write; if one's letter is worth nothing, it costs nothing. I have made up the old black gown with my own hands, and shall get no other this winter. My bonnet, I flatter myself, has an air. The diameter of the fashionable ladies at present is about three yards; their *bustles* are the size of an ordinary sheep's fleece. The very servant girls wear bustles. Eliza Miles told me a maid of theirs went out one Sunday with *three* kitchen dusters pinned as a substitute.

But in spite of increasing diameter, Mrs. Carlyle even as late as 1855 told her husband she could keep up her dignity and her wardrobe on £15 a year. She had many things given her by friends, it is true; but she shopped a great deal and was always a careful buyer. Miss Jewsbury agrees with Thomas that she dressed with quiet elegance.

The illustrations of Pickwick and Nicholas Nickleby have made us very familiar with the masculine wear of the later part of the period. Elderly gentlemen still wore breeches and stockings. Stocks now hugged the chin with whalebone clamps, and the Spanish cloak intoxicated its owner with the attitudes it afforded. Here is an advertisement in the *Times,* 1834.

Spanish cloak of superfine blue cloth, a complete circle of 9½ yards £4 4s.; opera ditto £2 2s.; boy's ditto £1 1s.; camlet ditto 11s.; boy's ditto 12s. Fashionable Petersham great coat, bound £2 2s.; Saxon frock coat faced silk £4 4s.; the very best that is made £4 15s. Suit of livery £3 3s. Contract prices—Two suits per year £6 6s.; extra fine quality, the very best £7 7s.; three suits £10 17s.; ditto £12 5s.; four suits £14 6s.; ditto £15 18s.; the old to be returned. Stout cloth winter trousers 13s. 6d.

"To-day (wrote Jane in 1845) Count D'Orsay walked in. I had not seen him for four or five years. Last time he was as gay in his colours as a humming-bird —blue satin cravat, blue velvet waistcoat, cream-coloured coat lined with velvet of the same hue, trousers also of a bright colour, I forget what; white French gloves, two glorious breastpins attached by a chain, and length enough of gold watch-guard to have hanged himself in. To-day, in compliment to his five more years, he was all in black and brown; one breastpin and only one fold of gold chain round his neck, tacked together right on the centre of his spacious chest with one magnificent turquoise. Well! that man understood his trade; if it is but that of a dandy, nobody can deny that he is a perfect master of it." The Count was the Count of course, but most young or trimly built persons were dandified in the forties; and his expenses were echoed even in Grub Street. For George IV had made literary lions popular, and from 1799 to 1840 there were few literary men of note who had not been a guest at the Holland House, says John Ashton. In 1831 their favourite meal seemed to be breakfast—a rather imprudent proceeding, one would think, on their part. Still, a late hour and a determination to make the best of things can work wonders even in the way of breakfast. Besides, one might eat himself into an appetite for dinner, for London was still spreading interminable repasts.

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INCONCLUSIVENESS AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

NEXT to saying that every story must have a beginning, there is probably no remark that would seem to be more superfluous and self-evident than that every story must come to a finish. The crucial point of the earliest nursery tale is to know "how it all ends." The keenest thrill of childhood's first experience with magazine serials is latent in the momentous words, "to be concluded in the next number." The one distinctive feature that stamps the modern novel as a work of art, in contrast to the amorphousness of the earlier types of romance, is its well-rounded symmetry, its clearly marked intention, its orderly progress toward a foreordained conclusion, a winding up of the argument, an unmistakable moment at which the author says, "Checkmate." The mimic game of life which we call fiction differs from the chessboard in the unlimited expanse of its squares, the varying number of its pawns, the infinitude of its possible gambits and resulting problems; but when the game is ended, there is no such thing as going on with it; we must either put the men back in the box or else begin another game.

Now, the curious thing about a good deal of the fiction of to-day, the work of many of the younger writers of promise, is that they show a tendency to forget or to ignore this very obvious, almost axiomatic requirement of the modern novel. A phenomenon is taking place not unlike what in the physiological world is called an atavistic reversion, a throw-back to types of an inferior degree of development. Sporadic cases, of course, are to be expected; but the present widespread and still spreading tendency toward a greater looseness of construction, a vaguer central idea, cannot fail, if it continues, to rob the novel of some of its recently acquired dignity. For centuries, fiction had no higher function than to provide public entertainment; it is only within the last half century that it has come to be recognised as a legitimate vehicle for the presentment and discussion of momentous questions of the day, social, ethical, moral and religious. Little by little, the best methods for combining the two purposes,—that of entertaining with the specific story of individual lives, and that of propounding serious general problems and working them out symbolically in a big, sweeping, conclusive fashion,—have been evolved and built up, until to-day the highest type of novel has been so far formulated that, while here and there a genius may be big enough and bold enough to break one or more of the rules, there is no one so great that he can afford to break them wholesale. The novel, of course, because of its very nature as a mirror of life, must not ever be allowed wholly to crystallise,—after the rigid manner of the sonnet,—yet, on the other hand, it has acquired, like architecture, certain definite laws, and its further development should be an outgrowth and variation of these laws.

After all, the theory of the modern novel is so simple that one sometimes wonders that so much faulty work is turned out. It is the novelist's business to study life at first hand, to ponder over it until its concrete happenings have taught him something, have grouped themselves in his mind with a new and enlightening significance; and then, and not until then, he is ready to make such a selection of the actualities that have come under his notice as will best serve to convey his message with clearness and emphasis. But the fault of many writers of to-day is that they are too impatient to produce; their fertile imagination visualises quite clearly the salient

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events in a score or more of human lives, but they have not waited to learn the real significance of these happenings; and what they themselves see only hazily, they must of necessity present to others through a dense fog. Quite lately a certain publisher, speaking confidentially of a newly accepted manuscript, said, "I know that we have a rather big thing in this story, and yet, try as I will, I cannot find just the right way to put it before the public; I can't seem to find any phrase that will tell briefly what it is all about." And this was not surprising, because the manuscript in question, while containing a certain amount of pure gold, was simply so much unrefined ore, —the author had not taken the time needed to find out what he himself really believed about life; and as an inevitable result his work lacked a sense of relative proportion.

To take another specific example: one of the novels of the current month, a review of which is included in the present paper, is defined in the publisher's note as "the study of a social, not a sexual problem, even though through many a chapter may run an inherent sense of sex instinct." On the surface, this phrase sounds for the moment as though it really said something; but if you stop a minute to study it, you come to the conclusion that here is another case of a book seen as through a glass, darkly. Every modern novel of serious import is in a measure a social problem; indeed, it would be difficult to conceive of any human problem so selfishly individual, so secretly private as to be quite outside the pale of society at large. And on the other hand, no human problem truthfully presented by a writer who has the eyes to see and takes the trouble to use them, can be wholly free from "an inherent sense of sex instinct," because so long as human nature remains what it is, men and women must be healthily conscious that they are respectively men and women and glad of the fact; and no moral or ethical problem is of so generalised a nature that the factor of sex can be eliminated; the divorce problem treads close upon the heels of the temperance question, and as Mr. Kipling once reminded us, the world's peace cannot be disturbed without forcing Mr. Thomas Atkins to "leave a lot of little things behind him." No, the novelist of the first magnitude is the one who, without over-insistence, never forgets and never allows the reader to forget that the human species is a bi-sexual species, and also that mankind is instinctively a social, gregarious animal, and that his most intimate problems are really the problems of the many. Of course, in the case of the novel above referred to, the author had certain ideas more specific than the publisher's note gave him credit for having; but they are so vaguely expressed or suggested that the reader may well be in doubt as to what he was trying to say.

"VIRGINIA"

It is pleasant to be able to begin the present survey of the month's fiction with a volume in which the above-mentioned shortcomings are so conspicuously absent as in *Virginia,* by Ellen Glasgow. One of the leading qualities of Miss Glasgow's work is her sureness of touch. She not only knows precisely what she is trying to say, but she also quite unerringly says it, with just the right inflexion, just the suitable variation in emphasis needed to carry, to any reader of discrimination, the full measure of her meaning. It is this fact which explains why her novels are at one and the same time preëminently local and as wide as humanity itself. She knows her people and her locality with an assured knowledge as welcome as it is rare; but this knowledge is not given forth again until it has passed through the crucible of a keen and alert intelligence and become transmitted into symbols of big, basic truths. In after years, *Virginia* will be remembered as a transition work in Miss Glasgow's literary development. As compared with her previous volumes, it is surprisingly simple in the economy of its structure, its theme and its caste of characters. Indeed, it might almost be

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defined as an intimate study of just one woman, the Virginia of the title. She represents the type of Southern gentlewoman of the generation immediately following the Civil War, when changed conditions had not yet begun to make inroads upon time-honoured traditions. She is the type resulting from centuries of masculine assumption that woman's whole duty is to be gracious and charming, to preside over her household, train her children, accept the homage of her male friends and relatives as her just prerogative, and diffuse an atmosphere of generous hospitality, a lingering impression of low, sweet laughter and soft-spoken words. Virginia is of the period when women still accepted as a matter of course the necessity of living up to the ideal that masculine egotism prescribed for them; and being by nature a born wife and mother, she does not rebel as a more modern woman would have done, when her illusions are one by one rent to tatters, but can still wear the mask of outward serenity, when in the course of years her heartache over the infidelities of an errant husband is replaced by similar pangs on behalf of her children. In all of this the picture is Southern to the last degree; it glows softly, with a sense of the mellow warmth of glad sunshine, the redolence of exotic blossoms, the tender witchery of youth and beauty. Yet at the same time it sums up in the heart throbs of just one woman a problem as old as motherhood and as wide as civilisation: how shall a woman share herself between husband and children? How shall she do her duty as a mother and yet not awaken a jealous resentment on the part of the man who has hitherto held first place? Above all, how is she to learn that the daily joys and sorrows of childhood do not necessarily have the supreme interest for the father that they have for her, and that a nightly chronicle of such household details begets weariness and satiety? Such is the wider significance of *Virginia;* and it is conveyed with a wise understanding of masculine selfishness and feminine shortness of sight that awaken an answering throb of contagious sympathy. *Virginia* is a picture painted on a more modest canvas than such volumes as *The Battleground* and *The Deliverance;* it lacks something of the robust vigour of the author's earlier manner. But on the other hand, it shows a gain in subtle shadings and delicate intuitions; in short, it represents a new and welcome phase in an author whose rare volumes it would be hard to await with patience, if it were not for the fact that their long delay testifies to the faithful workmanship and careful polishing that make them the finished product that they are.

"THE SON OF HIS MOTHER"

Clara Viebig occupies in Germany a position well-nigh as prominent among women novelists as Miss Glasgow does in America; and in theme and treatment she has a similar clearness of thought and expression. *The Son of His Mother* is not, at first sight, a theme of wide application, but on the contrary a quite special and exceptional case. A married couple of good social standing and in fairly prosperous circumstances are still childless after a number of years of wedlock. To the man, it is a matter of keen disappointment; to the woman it is an obsession, an ever-present torture, a physical menace that disorders her whole nervous system, necessitates medical care, change of scene, recurrent visits to various health resorts,—and all to no purpose, because the one thing that she craves is still denied her. But one day, among the Swiss mountains, she comes across a little child, the son of a peasant woman, the sort of child that has for years haunted her dreams,—and suddenly the daring thought of adopting him dawns upon her. It takes courage to conceive this thought and to put it into words, because hitherto the husband and wife have kept their disappointment to themselves, and she has no knowledge how he will look upon the scheme. But as it happens there are no difficulties: the husband grasps eagerly a plan that promises to be a cure for his wife's invalidism; the child's mother, an illiterate, over-

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worked drudge of a peasant, with more mouths at home than she well can feed, consents, with sullen resentment, to part with the boy for a stated sum; the child himself is too young to retain distinct memories of his infancy, and soon grows to believe that his adopted parents are his true ones. But the honest couple's happiness is destined to be short-lived: before long it becomes evident in a host of little ways that the boy is unmistakably the son of his mother; he has certain inherited instincts of a baser sort, a mental and moral coarseness that no amount of loving care can eradicate; there is a latent viciousness in his nature and a physical weakness in his constitution. He is destined to become a source of constant anxiety in place of a joy; and when finally his excesses have so far impaired his vitality that he falls an easy victim to illness, his death brings more of relief than of sorrow. The story is a poignant little study in heredity, but it is something more besides. The author would seem to teach the bigger lesson that there is no royal road to motherhood, that it is a joy to be bought only through much suffering, and that nature rather grimly insists upon a later atonement for any attempt to cheat her of her purposes. At all events, this is a book which makes one think, and it certainly deserved a more careful and idiomatic translation.

"WILSAM"

Another current novel, the plot of which turns mainly upon an adopted child, is *Wilsam,* by S. C. Nethersole. The opening chapter shows us a shipwreck on the Kentish coast; and from it a tiny girl, the sole survivor, is washed ashore, and almost into the arms of the person to whom the label, pinned to her dress by her dying mother, consigns her. The significance of the title is explained by a line quoted from an ancient Anglo-Saxon record, "Wilsam, Goods driven ashore when no Wreck or Ship is visible, hence called Goods of God's Mercy." And hence also Wilsam is the name given by those who love her best to Mercy Pardilow, the child of the wreck. But, having written so far, by way of explanation, the reviewer suddenly finds himself in something of a dilemma; the volume does not lend itself readily to a brief and lucid epitome. It has unmistakable qualities of strength and insight. It shows us a score of genuine, homespun types of men and women, rugged, stalwart farmer folk, in whom kindliness and an unyielding stubbornness are often curiously blended. It shows us specifically a queer entanglement of lives due to the fact that Mercy Pardilow's father had first loved and wronged her mother's sister Milly, before making a runaway match with Mercy's mother. It was Hannah Anseed, Milly's one faithful friend, who saw her through her trouble, in the dreary isolation of Lucksbeat Farm, from which no whisper of a new-born soul reached the gossipy outside world; it was Hannah Anseed who, when sought in marriage, laid down the condition that the man she should wed must accept as his own son a child who was neither his nor hers, and must ask no questions; and it was Hannah Anseed who throughout all the years that followed kept an ever watchful eye upon Lucksbeat Farm, where Milly Gatehouse, after a year in the asylum, returned to live, placid with the limited intelligence of a clouded brain and docile as a little child. So in these two adjacent homes of Milly Gatehouse and Hannah Anseed a boy and a girl grew up, Milly's niece Mercy and Hannah's adopted son, Albert-Edward,—neither guessing that through the father they had never seen they were brother and sister. But in all this we have only a single detail of a pattern of interwoven threads so intricate that while we read we have an annoying sense of being too close to it, of being unable to get far enough off to see it in the right perspective, or so that the different happenings would assume their relative proportions. Apparently the author's purpose is simply to show quite minutely the life of just one person, the heroine, from the hour when she was cast up by the sea until the bitterest trials of her married life

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are over. It may be frankly conceded that to a large extent the result is a success: single episodes are admirable, the physical background of nature and the moral background of human nature are beyond reproach; there are times when the author's style is reminiscent of Hardy and then again of Eden Phillpotts. But taken as a whole, as a record of one human life, with its mistakes and frailties, its joys and sorrows, its compulsory payment for its earlier errors, the book strikes one as a very good average sample of the type referred to earlier in this paper, the type of vague, inconclusive story, where the author's own views of life have not yet crystallised. We watch Mercy Pardilow grow to attractive womanhood, in spite of much drudgery and unkindness, we see her after many obstacles and much heart-ache, marry the man of her choice, and then we see that man, because of an inborn streak of dogged self-will, bring about the death of his first-born and become himself a piteous, ghastly, raving creature, who must of necessity be removed to "the house on the hill." And when the last page is turned, and the shadow of madness has lifted, and Mercy has a chance of a belated and crippled happiness, we ask ourselves, What is the meaning of it all? It is very cruel and very vivid and very true; but it all seems so unnecessary. It lacks that element of the inevitable which forms the keynote of all really big life studies. Nowhere do we feel convinced that what happens is the necesssary sequel of what the heroine has previously done, her joys and sorrows are not directly begotten by her temperament. Instead of feeling that Mercy Pardilow's life was what it was because it had to be, we feel that it simply was one of a score of possible lives, in each of which the whim of chance amused itself by playing grim practical jokes. *Wilsam* is undeniably a work of considerable promise; but the fulfilment is yet to come.

"MICHAEL"

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture is, on the contrary, an author with a fully matured talent, and she is quite aware what she has in mind to say. The theme of *Michael* may be stated with almost telegraphic brevity: A young Catholic girl is in love with an agnostic, but refuses to marry him unless he becomes converted. A certain amount of religious doctrine and theological controversy necessarily obtrudes itself into the narrative; yet this is so tactfully managed as to produce the required atmosphere without ever for a moment becoming wearisome. Mrs. de la Pasture knows how to get the biggest possible value out of a situation: the hero, the "Michael" of the title, is possessed of vast wealth, so that his conversion is of material as well as spiritual importance to the Church; his betrothed is a simple, ardent, saintly spirit, the stuff that martyrs were once made of, and there is no hope that, if his honest wish to be converted fails of fulfilment, she will even be persuaded to commit the sin of marrying him in spite of it. As one of his spiritual advisers admits, it soon becomes evident that nothing short of a miracle will ever open his eyes to things heavenly; and just what this miracle is, it would be unfair to divulge beforehand,—even though it is a very simple flesh-and-blood miracle, with nothing really miraculous about it excepting the wonderful timeliness of its occurrence and the magic of its efficacy. In short, the book is not only a piece of fine and honest workmanship, but it succeeds in suggesting a conclusive and satisfactory ending, although it stops, with a fine artistry, before the last word is written.

"THE DECLENSION OF HENRY D'ALBIAC"

The Declension of Henry D'Albiac, by V. Goldie, is a serious, yet light-handed satire on the follies and pretensions of smart society in present-day England. The hero of the title is a young Frenchman who is making a protracted stay in London and at various English country houses, and incidentally is betrothed to one of the leading beauties of the current season,—a creature of such exquisite sensibility that she turns quite faint at the mere mention of anything so

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vulgar as a clash between the police and the militant suffragettes, and yet can witness the butchery of a fox or a score of pheasants with frank enjoyment. D'Albiac is so deeply in love that he is quite blinded to the lady's obvious shallowness, but his awakening comes in so accidental a manner that it would seem to be the direct intervention of Providence. In the opening chapter we see him one evening unintentionally hemmed into a side street in the midst of a packed mass of humanity; and before he quite knows what is happening, a sudden surge brings the centre of the vortex within arm's length and he sees a dishevelled and pallid, yet unmistakably attractive young woman, struggling in the rough grasp of a policeman. D'Albiac's Gallic gallantry comes to the surface and, regardless of consequences, he tackles the policeman and effects the girl's rescue. This is the beginning of a Bohemian acquaintanceship whose far-reaching consequences the young man by no means foresees. Quite unconsciously, he imbibes from the pretty suffragette certain views of politics, ethics and social standards which with equal unconsciousness he airs as his own across the dinner-tables of the socially elect, and is sadly puzzled at the consternation that his utterances arouse, and the growing disfavour and aloofness of his betrothed. It is all excellent comedy, and it carries a number of wise and salutary lessons with it.

"HAGAR REVELLY"

Hagar Revelly, by Daniel Carson Goodman, is a bold but unsuccessful attempt to present us with an unforgettable object-lesson of certain phases of the existing evils of our social system. Its direct purpose, so far as one may disentangle it from a host of subservient motives, is to study the question of woman's virtue as affected by the problem of a living wage. This question, by the way, has been handled often enough in fiction to have lost its novelty; but Mr. Goodman attacks it with the zeal of a pioneer, the pride of a discoverer, that reminds one of nothing so much as Arthur Henry's similar naïve pride, some years ago when, in *An Island Cabin,* he discovered the momentous fact that, by tacking, one could make a sail-boat go against the wind. In substance, however,—if you forget for a moment the thesis of it—*Hagar Revelly* bears a certain analogy to Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie,* with the important difference that it is not nearly so well done, and that it is gratuitously and unpardonably offensive in details where, for art's sake if for nothing else, a tactful reticence would have been far more effective. The present reviewer does not happen to know the nationality of the author of *Hagar Revelly;* but, whoever and whatever he is, he has certainly caught the flavour of that particular New York dialect that is the unmistakable hall-mark of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. For instance, neither he nor any of his characters ever light the gas, or strike a match, —they always "make a light," or they ask each other, "Will I make a light?" The scene of the story is New York, the shops and restaurants, hotels and department stores are all spoken of with no attempt at disguise; but the characters, although many of them bear Anglo-Saxon names, are unmistakably foreign in thought and act. More specifically, the story of Hagar is that of a young girl's downfall, due, not to any question of wage, but simply to the riotous blood of youth and the bad example of a dissolute mother. Hagar leaves home because her mother's lover is apparently about to transfer his unwelcome attentions to her; she secures employment in a Sixth Avenue department store and promptly the manager of the store casts covetous eyes upon her and makes advances which any young girl of Hagar's liberal New York Street education must have understood the significance of. But she continues to accept them, in blind serenity, until one night when a certain scene is enacted that in vividness of narration out-Zola's Zola, and in sheer crudeness of detail is unparalleled in current fiction. The present reviewer is not squeamish; his quarrel with books of

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the type of *Hagar Revelly* is not with their subject matter, but with their inartisticness. That was the fault with a vastly bigger and better book of kindred subject, Sudermann's *Song of Songs*,—a volume which one suspects has influenced Mr. Goodman in no small degree. Both books show the same prolixity, the same insistence upon extraneous and irrelevant detail, the same tendency to offend by an audacious outspokenness, where the French method of light suggestion would be infinitely more effective. Finally, *Hagar Revelly* is much too long; even those to whom the spice of its indecencies will appeal, must grow satiated with the sameness of the heroine's many adventures. And in the closing chapters the amazing elasticity of a thousand dollars, which takes Hagar to Paris, supports her there for many weeks in affluence, buys her infinite new gowns, hats and jewels, sends a draft of two hundred and fifty dollars home to fetch her sister across to join her, and then pays the hotel bills of that sister, her nurse and child for some weeks longer, all forms a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* that adds the last touch to the reader's annoyance. Mr. Goodman should study the French school rather than the German; his work would profit by it.

"THE CATFISH"

The explanation of the odd title which this book bears lies in the unfamiliar fact that in the old days when fishermen in the North Sea caught cod-fish, they stored them in huge tanks in the schooner's hold; and from inactivity the fish reached land flabby and tasteless. But one day an inventive genius conceived the happy idea of putting one catfish into the tank, and the result was that abundant exercise kept the other fish in prime condition. Well, in Mr. Charles Marriott's new volume there is one woman who throughout her life plays the part of the catfish in the life of a man who secretly loves her, but never tells her so until almost on the eve of her death. In a measure the title is misleading, because the greater part of the book, by actual count of words as well as in question of relative interest, deals with the man himself, dating from his earliest recollections as a small boy and studying the development of his abnormally sensitive organisation, his almost uncanny imaginings, his utterly topsy-turvy and disordered philosophy, his morbid secretiveness, so unlike the mental and moral life of the ordinary normal child,—and yet in which, at the same time, every reader must recognise, here and there, some flash of resemblance to some momentary and unforgotten fancy of his own early days. This book is one to be read rather than discussed at second hand; it is a big advance upon the author's earlier work, it is a wise book, full of keen observation of the successive phases of youth, adolescence and full maturity, and of the problems and errors associated with each. In short, it is one of those comparatively rare books which the veteran book reviewer hails with pleasure and delights in passing on to the discriminating few.

IN MEMORIAM

THE OBITUARIES OF THE AUTHORS CLUB OF NEW YORK FOR 1912

THOUGH our late member, JOHN JACOB ASTOR, was a hundred times a millionaire, and perhaps was oftenest thought of as such, his great wealth was by no means his best title to respect and remembrance. He was born at Rhinebeck, New York, July 13, 1864, and was graduated at Harvard, in the class of 1888, with the degree of Bachelor of Sciences. He travelled abroad for two or three years, and then the management of the family estates devolved upon him by the death of his father, William Astor. He was an

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earnest student of science, and he fitted up in his house a laboratory for experiment and invention. Here he invented a brake for bicycles, a pneumatic road-machine, and other useful devices. His first enterprise in real estate was the building of the Astoria Hotel, adjoining the Waldorf, which had been erected by his cousin, who is now a resident of London and a subject of the British Crown. John Jacob Astor was a member of the staff of Governor Levi P. Morton, with the rank of colonel, in 1895-96. At the beginning of the war with Spain in 1898 he presented the Government with a completely equipped field battery, at a cost of about $100,000, and was appointed a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. After service as assistant inspector-general in the camps at Chickamauga, he was assigned to duty on the staff of General Shafter and served in the siege of Santiago.

His only publication in book form is *A Journey in Other Worlds,* a quasi-scientific narrative of a flight from the earth to one of the moons of Jupiter, after the manner of Greg's *Across the Zodiac,* and similar stories. This tale of an impossibility is so well done, the scientific points so carefully guarded, that it is difficult to put one's finger on the fatal spot of the impossible, and it is told in good, clear English.

Colonel Astor did not often visit the Club rooms, where his agreeable companionship would have been welcome; but those of us who knew him best knew that he bore in mind and valued his connection here. His life ended in that terrible disaster, the sinking of the *Titanic* in mid-Atlantic, on the night of April 14th. Like most of the men, he stood calmly back while the women and children were being put into the boats, his young wife among them. His coolness and kindness were shown by a simple incident. A little boy had been refused a place in one of the boats, when Colonel Astor picked up a woman's hat, put it upon the boy's head, and, saying, "Now you are a girl," handed him into the boat. R. J.

Will Carleton is best described as "poet of the natural man"—not the man of the Stone Age, but contemporary man unspoiled by exotic environment. He called much of his work "Ballads"; and his ballads of city life were inferior to those of the farm, because freedom of the fields more widely awakened him. He was truest interpreter of thoughts born around the firesides of plain, homely, honest folk who lived close to Mother Earth. They were people he absolutely understood! No friend of Carleton's will rank him with Longfellow or Whittier, who did nobler work along more ambitious lines, but in his own province neither the one nor the other surpasses him. He was surely a poet of nature—meaning human nature, rather than green fields and gurgling streams. Ocean, sky, or forest made less appeal to him than did the simplest human creature whose pulse throbbed responsive to sorrow or to joy. A master of syntax, he cared not for the periphrasis of noun and adjective. He always used the simplest of Anglo-Saxon words, yet I recall an apostrophe to "Republican France," written in heroic couplets that in metre and diction fulfil the severest rules of Dryden or Pope.

Wherever Will Carleton's place in American literature may be, he will stand far above the American sonnet writers.

But, after all that might be said about his *Farm Ballads, Farm Legends,* and *Farm Festivals,* or his verses on city life similarly entitled, the poet was but half the man. With Rousseau, he thought man by nature honest, wise, and free.

Carleton's success as a public lecturer attested a general popularity; the affection in which he was held by associates added the hall-mark of friendship. He began his career, after leaving college, as a hustling newspaper man, and unto his last day his instinct for news was unerring. This news sense aided him in his lectures. He possessed a fine stage presence and when upon the plat-

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form never was at loss for speech: not a word in our language could say him nay! His popularity in Great Britain was almost as great as in the United States. Throughout this country, his name was familiar to every household. In this big city, where he had made his home for thirty years in Brooklyn Borough, he was always prompt to volunteer to aid the programme of every worthy charitable benefit. As a member of his Masonic lodge, I can affirm that Carleton was everything a member of the craft should be, and we, his fellow-members of the Authors Club, will long remember his unfailing loyalty to the Club and will miss the genial greeting of the friend we have lost. He died on December 18, 1912, aged sixty-seven, young in the joy of living—almost juvenile in the earthly contentment he radiated. J. C.

FREDERICK KEPPEL was born in Tullow, Ireland, in March, 1844, and died in New York in March, 1912. His father was of English stock and his mother Welsh and Irish. He attended, for a short time, a boarding school in Dublin, but his education was mainly attained under a private tutor. At the age of fourteen he went with the family to Liverpool, whence his father moved to Guelph, Ontario, where Frederick set manfully to work as a farmer.

Before he was twenty-one he came to Utica, New York, gathered some experience in the publishing business, and, later organised, with George Gebbie, in Philadelphia the firm of Gebbie & Keppel, publishing subscription books. This business did not prove either attractive or successful, and in the late sixties he established himself in Beekman Street, New York, as a print dealer.

The change from subscription books to prints was accidental. Keppel had acquired a portfolio of etchings and engravings, and these proved so easy to dispose of at good prices, that he entered that field, hitherto well-nigh neglected. Sixty-six Beekman Street soon became a Mecca for print lovers, as were, later, his delightful shops in Sixteenth and in East Thirty-ninth Streets. There gathered the leaders of the "cognoscenti" in the art of etching, and to them the judgments of Keppel were final. To him is due the introduction here of the works of the great foreign masters of etching, while to the American, Joseph Pennell, he was a loyal friend and supporter. It was a treat to hear him relate anecdotes of the men and their peculiarities, anecdotes always good-natured, though keen and analytical.

As well as being the collector and dealer, Keppel was a constant contributor to the magazines upon the subject of the literature of his field of study; and he was the author of two books, *Christmas in Art,* and *The Golden Age in Engraving.* At the time of his death he was at work upon a third and very important book, which, unfortunately, remains unfinished. An omnivorous reader and gifted with a marvellous memory, he could recite offhand whole pages of poetry, and he wrote verse fluently and easily. Stedman's *Anthology* has a selection which is far from being his best work in that line. He was also a graceful and accomplished lecturer. His election to membership in the Authors Club was always a source of satisfaction and pride to him.

When a young man he was a chorister in Trinity Church, and music, particularly church music, was one of his chief enjoyments. A lover of birds and animals, he delighted in relating tales of their traits and sagacity. At his country home at Quogue, Long Island, his garden was a show place in which he took great pride.

Personally Frederick Keppel was a most delightful man, a genial, sympathetic companion, and a scholar of marked attainments. His blameless life, his devotion to his calling, and his warm-heartedness and generosity to those less fortunate than himself have endeared his memory to all who knew him. G. W. E.

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If ever a literary life could be held up as a banner of encouragement to the young postulant in the world of letters, it was that of JUSTIN MCCARTHY. He was truly the architect of his own fortunes, owing nothing to favour, having no accolade declaring him worthy at the beginnings of his struggles, and without a coin except one he had earned to challenge the world withal. Historian, novelist, essayist, lecturer, statesman, he passed away, leaving not merely an honoured but a beloved memory after eighty-two years of living, sixty-five of them spent in the battle of the pen. One should not, however, look merely at the opening and ending of his career. Without a penetrating sense of the fierce continuity of effort that marked every step he took, the lesson of his life will not be interpreted. Perhaps its most interesting feature is that in journalism he found his university. More purely than any man of our time who reached eminence was he a product of journalism. He had a schoolmaster who taught him fluent Greek and Latin as well as clean and clear English, and that was in his native town of Cork, Ireland; but his schooling was over before he was seventeen. Born in 1830, in 1847 he became a reporter on the Cork *Examiner*. In Great Britain and Ireland, to every journalist, London is the Land of Promise, and Justin McCarthy at last found his way thither. We need not follow him there in detail, for the world knows the story pretty well. Parliamentary reporter, leader writer, editor, surpassingly busy man at his desk or in "the gallery," he filled every crevice of his waking hours with the writing of novels, essays—sermons, for all we know—and a few, very few poems. It was a hotly competitive London then as it is now—the London of Thackeray, Dickens, Reade, Wilkie Collins, Ruskin, of Gladstone, Bright, Disraeli, Delane, Lord Derby—and McCarthy worked steadily on. In his youth he had been a Young Irelander, the '48 equivalent of the Fenian of '65, and the breath of freedom that filled his nostrils then never left them. He was a Liberal of the advanced type in England, and hence always allied to the Liberal press. In 1868 he came to the United States for a visit. So well did he like us that, save for a brief trip to London, he remained here for three years, writing and lecturing with equal assiduity, and winning golden opinions from every one he met, and whom did he not meet? It was, however, on his return to London in 1871 that the broadly developed writer truly found himself. *Dear Lady Disdain* had an immense success, but *A History of Our Own Times,* appearing in successive volumes, crowned his fame. No history published in the latter half of the nineteenth century approached it in popularity and critical approval. Here we have perspicuous English without adornment or flourish, warm with feeling, eloquent in narrative, sweetened with subtle humour, informed to an astonishing degree, and fair to the extreme. It proved as popular in America as in England, and is his literary monument. In 1879 he went to Parliament for an Irish constituency, joining Parnell's forces when Parnell arose, taking active part in the fiery debates, and finally heading that branch of the Irish party that separated from Parnell. He was a good debater and excelled as an after-dinner speaker. Socially indeed he was charming. Nothing but an iron constitution could have held up under the strain of his duty, his personal work and his social engagements. He had, says T. P. O'Connor, "a two o'clock in the morning courage," ready to face anything at any hour. His bespectacled, bearded face, his clear eyes, his fine forehead will not be forgotten, nor the smile of a sunny nature that beamed from him. Ardent as his pursuit of fact, sober as the greater bent of his writing, and solid as the steps by which he mastered his medium and made the world his friend, what he said of the mysticism of the Celt was true of him: "Half his thoughts, half his life belong to a world other than the material world around him." We admire

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him for all his other qualities: we love him for that. J. I. C. C.

The membership of ADDISON PEALE RUSSELL in the Authors Club was one of many that illustrate the fact that the Club is the national organisation of our craft and not merely local and social. He joined in 1894, a resident of the Middle West, and for eighteen years, until his death, July 24, 1912, he loyally maintained his membership, although he was never able to visit the Club or to avail himself of its social life and companionship.

He was born at Wilmington, Ohio, September 8, 1826, and was given a common school education. All the rest he won for himself. At sixteen years of age he went to work as a printer in a newspaper office, and when he was but nineteen he became editor and publisher of *The News,* a small paper published at Hillsborough, Ohio. Two years later he formed a connection with *The Western Star,* of Lebanon, Ohio, and in 1850 was appointed clerk of the Ohio Senate. Later he returned to Wilmington, where he became half owner of *The Clinton Republican.* Member of the Ohio Legislature from 1855 to 1857 and Secretary of State from 1857 to 1861, he was, in 1862, appointed by the Governor of his State to be its financial agent in New York City, a post he held with honour and credit through several administrations, retiring from public life in 1868 to devote himself to the literary pursuits that had always appealed to him most strongly.

His first book, *Half Tints,* had appeared anonymously from the press of D. Appleton and Company in 1867. Study and literary work in his quiet Wilmington home thenceforth absorbed his time, and in 1875 Hurd and Houghton brought out his *Library Notes,* which soon attracted much favourable criticism and wide attention. *Thomas Corwin: a Sketch* appeared in 1882, and in 1884 Houghton Mifflin published a companion volume to *Library Notes,* entitled *Characteristics. A Club of One: Passages from the Note Book of a Man who might have been Sociable,* is to me the best of his books. It appeared in 1887, and the monologue, *In a Club Corner,* in 1890. His last work, *Sub-Cælum: a Skybuilt Human World,* was published in 1895, and is a protest against the materialistic and socialistic tendencies of the times.

A philosopher, a scholar, and a simple, kindly gentleman, it is a loss to our Club that he was never with us; an honour to it that he, nevertheless, desired and appreciated the affiliation.

D. O.

WILLIAM BABCOCK WEEDEN's death, at the age of seventy-eight years, came as a surprise to his friends, who had become accustomed to regard him as among the vigorous middle-aged men of the Authors Club. He had been a member for several years, but his residence in the city of Providence, Rhode Island, caused his presence at the Club to be only occasional. He was always here on Watch Night, and interested in all that pertained to that occasion.

Mr. Weeden was an example of a man who has both a vocation and an avocation. He added to his entire familiarity with the textile industry a real interest in literature which resulted in the production of several books dealing in a fine way with the economic and social conditions of New England. The call to the Civil War, in his young manhood, interrupted his studies at Brown University, after three years of work there. In 1861 he went to the front as first lieutenant of Battery A of the First Rhode Island Light Artillery, and, later, was ordered to relieve Brigadier-General Griffin, in charge of artillery and ordnance, a post which he filled with distinction. After the war Captain Weeden returned to Rhode Island and organised the Weybosset Mills, which he controlled until its amalgamation with the American Woollen Company.

His literary work began with his investigation of the prohibitive liquor laws and their bearing upon social and

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economic conditions. In 1881 he produced a very careful study of the social law of labour, following it a few years later with an economic and social history of New England, two volumes which were in constant request by students. A later volume had to do with the government, Federal and State, of New York and Pennsylvania, and he was an illuminating writer upon the part played by Indian money as a factor in New England civilisation.

Mr. Weeden was an excellent example of the varied interests in which the New England business man and scholar combine. His unremitting industry was not diverted into literary channels, but ran parallel to them, and one who knew his life intimately would recognise a great resource in the social activities which made his home a centre for his many friends. He was concerned in all that concerned his city, both in public benefaction and private good will. A man without foolish sentiment, but of self-sacrificing devotion to the community, he attracted magnetically the personal regard of men of large affairs, who were sure always of sympathy from him in what had awakened their interest and of a devoted consideration of their plans for the public good. Men of philosophic habit of mind, such as Professor Hedge of Harvard, Dr. Henry W. Bellows in his long ministry in the city of New York, and Edward Everett Hale, whose summers were made more radiant by daily association with Mr. Weeden, his near neighbour at Matunock, found in him a sympathetic listener and a wise contributor to their thought. He was able to enlist himself effectively in the detail of a matter because he was alert to its philosophic implications. He had the philosopher's habit of dealing with causes, not simply with results.

For a member of a small community so traditionally bounded as Providence and Rhode Island, his interest in affairs was peculiarly free from political and personal ambition. It was much more natural for him to be ambitious as president of the Rhode Island Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa, or director of the Massachusetts Historical Society, or member of the Providence Art Club, than to associate himself with the activities of the State administration which attracted smaller men.

The Authors Club takes satisfaction in pointing to this man of business and of affairs who conducted a great industry as a part of the effectiveness of personal and social life. T. R. S.

THE LITERARY BAEDEKER

Part II—Paris and Rural France

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

I

To begin with a note of candid egotism, it has been the good fortune of the present writer to have made many literary pilgrimages of the kind slightly outlined in these frankly superficial papers. At home he has spent innumerable pleasant days in and about New York City on the trail of the characters of fiction from the time of Irving and Cooper to the days of W. D. Howells, Marion Crawford and Henry Cuyler Bunner. He has journeyed into the beautiful Blue Grass Region of Kentucky, not so much for the sake of the region itself, but for the satisfaction of finding the scenes associated with the novels of Mr. James Lane Allen. In other lands he has been even more industrious and persistent in the pursuit of the trail. At one time it was a pilgrimage into the Doone Valley to the Waterslide climbed by John Ridd. Disillusionment came there, for the Waterslide, far from being as formidable as it was represented to be in Mr. Blackmore's novel, is quite within the powers

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of the least courageous of travellers. The name of Edinburgh conjures up the memory of days with the shades of the people of *The Heart of Midlothian,* of wanderings with Jennie and Effie Deans along the Canongate, and into the surrounding country. In London the soles of many pairs of American shoes have been worn out scuffling about to find this or that particular structure associated with this or that particular family of Dickens or Thackeray, Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins. If the writer happens to have a week in Paris, it is most unlikely that he will give a morning to revisiting the galleries of the Louvre, but it is morally certain that he will make the arduous ascent to the summit of Montmartre to see again the scenes of certain of the characters of Emile Zola, and to identify the particular attic in which Mr. Leonard Merrick's Tricotrin was wont to dine on a herring; worm

"THE ARDUOUS ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF MONTMARTRE"

in by way of the tortuous Rue de la Pas de la Mule to the Place des Vosges, where D'Artagnan and Porthos met Aramis and Athos, as told in the beginning of *Vingt Ans Après,* and where, nearly three-quarters of a century earlier, there took place the famous duel between the three followers of the Duc de Guise and the three minions of Henry III; wander on to the cemetery of Père Lachaise to reëvoke the figure of Eugène de Rastignac hurling his defiance at the light of the great city—*"a nous deux maintenant";* and finally drift along among the little streets south of the Pantheon, and into the courtyard of number 24 Rue Tournefort, in Balzac's time known as the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Genevieve, to look up at the windows behind which Père Goriot passed his last and anguished days. Then there is the memory of a journey that took him first to the old city of Tarascon with its Castle of King René and its Tarasque, thence to Marseilles and across the Mediterranean to Algeria, the only passenger on a tramp steamer, following the trail of the immortal Tartarin.

But there is one pilgrimage, perhaps the best of all, which he has not taken except in pleasant day dreams. If a kindly fate sometime brings these day dreams to reality he will find himself by the Porte St. Denis in Paris at the steering wheel of a purring, high-powered motor car, about to follow the route of the most spirited journey in all fiction, that made by D'Artagnan, Athos, Aramis, and Porthos to frustrate the scheming of the great Cardinal and to save the honour of Anne of Austria. Certain sceptics will probably be inclined to take exception to the motor car, decrying any sort of speed as iconoclastic, and contending that Old World romance demands a lagging gate. A lagging gate indeed! What but the motor car could have kept pace with those iron horsemen? It will be a far different France from that in which Richelieu planted his emissaries, but beyond the old barrier the route is plain, the road open, leading first to Chantilly, where Porthos was left behind,

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embroiled in a duel with the belligerent stranger, then to Beauvais, where Aramis fell with a bullet through his shoulder, then to Amiens, where Athos was the third to be halted, on a trumped-up charge of using counterfeit money at the Inn of the Golden Lily, and finally on with D'Artagnan alone to the gates of Calais and the vessel that bore him to England and the Duke of Buckingham.

THE MAISON VAUQUER—"THE MOST PORTENTOUS SETTING OF THE SCENE IN ALL THE LITERATURE OF FICTION"

II

Without any question the most familiar of all the omnibus routes in the city of Lutétia is that which carries the sign "Madeleine—Bastille," and runs from the square fronting the church that looks down the Rue Royale, the length of the great boulevards to the Column of July. As a beginning to these wanderings the present writer begs you to stroll with him down to the Madeleine, there climb the spiral steps leading to the *imperiale,* and take your seat. In a general way the scene here is quite familiar to any American who has spent even three or four days in the French capital. Picture it. There is the pretty flower market, the stately church, Durand's across the way at the southeast corner, and the Rue Royale stretching down to the Place de la Concorde with the obelisk in the centre, and beyond, the bridge over the Seine to the Chamber of Deputies. There is time for a brief glance about before the omnibus starts. We recall that in the Madeleine was celebrated the marriage of George Duroy —we should say Du Roy de Cantel— and Suzanne Walter, in the last chapter of Guy de Maupassant's *Bel-Ami.* On the southwest corner opposite there is a café. It was there that, in Alphonse Daudet's *Sapho,* Jean Gaussin was stopped by the sculptor Caoudal and the engineer Dechelette, made to sit down

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with them, and there for the first time heard the details of Fanny Legrand's tempestuous past. A little farther down the Rue Royale was the Agency of Tom Levis in Daudet's *Kings in Exile*. A stone's throw away is the Rue de l'Arcade, where Fanny Legrand lived luxuriously before throwing in her fortunes with Jean in the small apartment in the fiction is limited. There are here plenty of associations with English and American heroes and heroines. The Grand Hotel looms up. In the courtyard as it was in former days, not as it is now, George du Maurier's Little Billee, Taffy, and the Laird dined and talked of the Trilby O'Ferrall of the days of the studio in the Place St. Anatole des Arts,

THE HOUSE OF THE CAT PLAYING BALL. DRAWN BY CHARLES HUARD FOR THE NEW EDITION OF THE WORKS OF HONORÉ DE BALZAC

Rue Amsterdam, opposite the Gare St. Lazare. The omnibus starts, the guard stumbles over your feet, collects your three sous, and enquires whether you want "correspondence." A few seconds have whirled you the length of the Boulevard de la Madeleine and the Boulevard des Capucines, and you are at the Place de l'Opéra. Assume for the moment that your knowledge of French and Svengali struck little Billee and made his nose bleed, and promptly had his own long proboscis tweaked by the ponderous Taffy. Almost part of the Grand Hotel is the Café de la Paix, much frequented by cheeky Americans in the novels of Archibald Clavering Gunter, by innumerable romantic heroes of Richard Harding Davis, and at the corner table, which has been called "the

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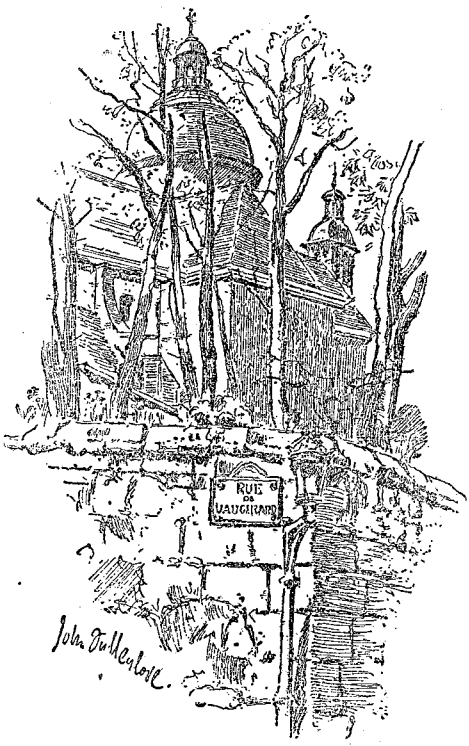
centre of the civilised world," a pathetic though perhaps ephemeral hero of three or four years ago, the amiable Ansolini of Booth Tarkington's *The Beautiful Lady,* exposed his shaven and illuminating head to the laughter of the passing throng. But for the pilgrim who is not confined to lighter fiction, there are the ghosts of other and greater figures. Balzac's men and women flittered across the great square in the masquerade balls of



THE CARMES-DECHAUX. BEHIND THE WALL ATHOS, PORTHOS, ARAMIS AND D'ARTAGNAN MET AND VANQUISHED THE GUARDS OF THE CARDINAL

the 1830's. Cousin Pons was first introduced to us in the elaborate description of his daily walk along the Boulevard des Italiens. It was when strolling of an evening on the same thoroughfare that George Duroy met his old army comrade Forestier, and began his unscrupulous climb to power and fortune. The Boulevard des Italiens is also exceedingly rich in associations for readers of Zola's novels. At the old Théatre des Italiens, from which the Boulevard took its name, Renée and Maxime saw Ristori in *Phedre,* a play fraught with such tragic significance for them both. A hundred feet to the north was the apartment in which Nana was installed by her Russian prince, and at the Café Anglais, Saccard *père* and Saccard *fils* nightly sowed their wild oats together. In the adjacent Rue Basse du Renfort, Renée forced Maxime to take her to a ball given by the demi-mondaine Blanche Müller, and the evening, with its infamous sequel, ended in the white and gold chamber of the Café Riche.

But as the motor bus pursues its course there is little time for long reflection. Stopping for a second at a corner, we recall that in the street to the right were the offices of the newspaper where George Duroy learned the secrets of Parisian journalism, depicted by Maupassant with a savage cynicism which matched that of Balzac when he wrote the second part of *Illusions Perdus.* In less time than it has taken to read this, the omnibus has reached the end of its journey and we descend to the pavement of the Place de la Bastille to pursue on foot and at closer range one of the three or four corners of the Paris of fiction that are to be touched on in this paper.

III

Retracing our steps a little way, we turn in to the Rue de la Pas de la Mule, and emerge on the Place des Vosges, formerly known as the Place Royale. Herr Karl Baedeker of the red-bound books will tell you many historical facts about the Square and add the information that Victor Hugo once lived at No. 6. He will make no mention of the fact, however, that the same structure was the residence of the infamous Lady de Winter, and that she was visited there by D'Artagnan masquerading as the Count de Wardes. Nor will he allude to the meeting of the four which ended with the vow that henceforth their motto should be "One for all, and all for one."

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But significant as this corner of Paris is in the Dumas novels that deal with Louis XIII and Louis XIV, it will be appreciated to the full only by the reader who is familiar with the Valois trilogy and the exploits of the delightful Chicot the Jester, a character almost, but not quite, as good as D'Artagnan. Sitting on a wooden bench exactly in the south-eastern corner of the Place des Vosges, Chicot, on the morning of Sunday, April 27, 1578, witnessed the duel between Antraguet, Livarot, and Ribierac, on the one side, and Quélus, Schomberg and Maugiron, a duel of which Quélus was the only survivor. In addition to having been the home of Victor Hugo and of Milady, No. 6 Place des Vosges was also at one time the residence of Marion Delorme. Alfred de Vigny in his *Cinq-Mars* brings together in her *salon,* among many nameless fine people, Descartes, Grotius, Corneille, Molière, then a youth of eighteen, and known as Poquelin, and even John Milton, who was represented as entertaining the gathering with passages from his *Paradise Lost.* As a matter of fact Milton had long before passed through Paris on his way home from Italy, and *Paradise Lost* was not written until twenty years later. Hard by the Place des Vosges is the Rue Saint-Antoine, rich in French history, and also rich in fiction. There, in the Hotel de Boissy, Quélus, the instigator of the duel in the *Dame de Monsoreau,* was carried, to die slowly of his wounds. A little distance away, at the corner of the street which is now the Rue Sevigné, was the town house of the Comte de Monsoreau. It was there that Bussy was lured and done to death by the Count's retainers after a combat which Robert Louis Stevenson held to be one of the finest in all fiction. This assassination and the subsequent duel in the Place des Vosges illustrate what Du Maurier called "the good Dumas' habit of playing ducks and drakes with history." In the novel the duel followed the death of Bussy within twenty-four hours. As a matter of fact the duel preceded the murder by almost eight months. A little farther along the Rue Saint-Antoine is the church of St. Paul and St. Louis, which was selected by Monsieur Gillenormand, of Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables* for the marriage of Marius and Cosette. Farther north, in the Marais, was Gillenormand's own home, and nearby was the site of the factory of Daudet's *Fromont Jeune et Risler Ainé,* the residence where Sidonie played out her capricious life, the home of the actor Delobelle, his wife, and their pathetic little daughter Desirée, and a little farther to the west, the birthplace of Sephora Leemans, for whose smiles King Christian flung away the throne of Illyria.

IV

We are on the south bank of the river, in the Place St. Michel. Yonder are the tall towers of Notre Dame. Centuries ago in Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame* the hunchback Quasimodo peered down over Paris from the gargoyles, and Esmeralda danced on the pavement below. In the early part of the last century, behind the Cathedral, was the labyrinth of narrow, ill-lighted streets in which in Eugène Sue's *The Mysteries of Paris,* Rodolphe, Grand Duke of Gerolstein, made acquaintance with the Slasher and the School Master, and rescued Fleur-de-Marie from the clutches of the Ogress. If you have read *Trilby* you remember vividly the impression that the stately cathedral made on the four musketeers of the Brush and the shudders with which they visited the little white morgue behind. Within a stone's throw of the Place St. Michel is the Place St. Andre des Arts, which was the real Place St. Anatole des Arts, where was situated the studio of the "Trois Angliches" and where Trilby came with her cry of "Milk below." Climbing the incline of the Boulevard St. Michel in company with Mr. du Maurier's heroes we are also amid scenes associated with Henry Murger's *La Vie de Bohême,* and the exploits of Rodolphe, Schaunard, Marcel, and Colline—the great writer, the

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great musician, the great painter, and the great philosopher. Almost at the top of the ascent, and slanting diagonally backward in the direction of the Seine, is the Rue Monsieur le Prince. If you have ever read the second chapter of Daudet's *Les Rois en Exil,* and the wonderful description of the visit of the two monks to the house that sheltered Elysée Meraut and his dreams, you will regard this somewhat ill-favoured street with more than a little reverence. But in this neighbourhood you are once again in the buoyant atmosphere of the Three Musketeers. Strange to say, the trail of that novel, which dealt with the Paris of about 1630, is far easier to follow than the trails of novels of Balzac, dealing with the city of two centuries later. D'Artagnan, riding into Paris on his orange-coloured horse, sought the house of De Treville in the Rue du Vieux-Colombier, which can be easily found to-day, close by the Place de Saint-Sulpice. At the corner of the Rues de Vaugirard and Cassette, there still stands the ancient, moss-covered wall behind which the Three Musketeers of the King, aided by the young Gascon, fought and vanquished the five guards of the Cardinal. The rooms of Athos were in the Rue Ferou, within two steps of the Luxembourg. The street still bears the same name and is not greatly changed. Porthos lived in the Rue du Vieux-Colombier, and Aramis, "the dainty friend of Duchesses," in a ground-floor apartment in the Rue de Vaugirard, just east of the Rue Cassette. D'Artagnan's first home in Paris may be found in the present Rue Servandoni, where he occupied a garret over the quarters of Constance and her annoying husband; while twenty years after he patronised the inn kept by the pretty Flemish Madeleine in the Rue Tiquetonne. Be it remembered that in those belligerent days the spacious Boulevard St. Michel did not exist, and that troops of horsemen, making their way from the Luxembourg to the river, went by the Rue de la Harpe, only a small part of which is still in existence.

V

From the Luxembourg Gardens walk up the Rue Soufflot to the Pantheon, there turn off to the right into a labyrinth of Old-World streets, and within five minutes you will be standing in front of No. 24 Rue Tournefort. Probably not more than one out of every ten thousand American visitors to Paris have made this particular pilgrimage. Yet here is a monument to French genius which should be as enduring as the column in the Place Vendome. Here, to all practical purposes as it was in 1830, though fallen low in the social scale, is the Pension of Madame Vauquer (*née* de Conflans), which Henry James has called "the most portentous setting of the scene in all the literature of fiction." As the present writer saw it last in February, 1912, No. 24 Rue Tournefort was, by reason of its unchanged state, its romantic appearance and its vivid associations, the show place among all the shrines of great fiction. In Balzac's day the street itself was known as the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Genevieve. Last year the gateway of No. 24 was still open, and the visitor was at liberty to prowl freely about the garden in which Vautrin poured his temptations into the ears of Rastignac. One corner of the garden has been converted into a storehouse for wood, but you can still peep into the dining-room where Trompe le Mort was taken by the police.*

But with so vast a subject and so limited a space we cannot dwell too long on the Balzac trail. Much of the stage setting of the creator of the *Comédie Humaine* disappeared before the vast changes wrought by Baron Haussmann. For example, the wretched Rue du Doyenné, where Baron Hulot first saw Valerie Marneffe, and where Bette kept guard over the Polish artist in his miserable garret. On the other hand the Quai Voltaire is little altered, and there may be

*Since the above was written there has come the melancholy intelligence that No. 24 Rue Tournefort, so vividly associated with the Lear of French fiction, has just been torn down.

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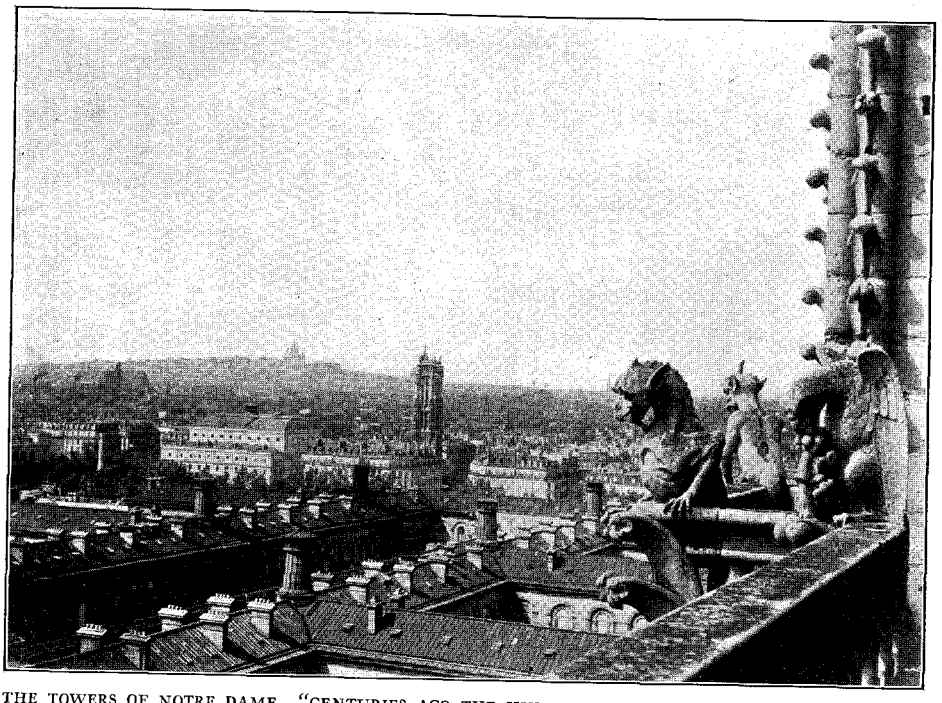

THE TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME. "CENTURIES AGO THE HUNCHBACK, QUASIMODO, PEERED DOWN OVER PARIS FROM THESE GARGOYLES AND ESMERALDA DANCED ON THE PAVEMENT BELOW"

found the antiquary shop in which was laid the opening scene of *Le Peau de Chagrin,* that which depicted Raphael accepting the magic skin that was to grant his every wish at such a terrible price. When you are in the neighbourhood of the Bourse, recall the enterprises of Baron de Nucingen; in the Rue Saint-Honoré remember that on the northern side, near the Rue de Castiglione, within a stone's throw of the southwest corner of the Place Vendome, was the shop of Cæsar Birotteau; among the stately mansions of the Faubourg Saint-Germain think of the long list of men and women of the aristocratic world of 1830 that Honoré de Balzac knew and painted so well.

VI

As has been suggested earlier in this paper, Paris in fiction would be well worth serious attention even if French fiction did not exist at all. From the highest to the lowest English and American writers has been exploiting the cities by the Seine since the days of Laurence Sterne and before. The Paris of Charles Dickens would be worth while studying even if we were to confine ourselves exclusively to *A Tale of Two Cities.* The Thackerayan in Paris can find literary diversion by hunting out the original of Terré's Tavern, immortalised for all time in the "Ballade of the Bouillebaisse," the Pension near the Champs Elysées, which was the scene of the Homeric battle involving the Bayneses, the Bunces and the McWhitters, the hotel of Monsieur and Madame de Florac, to say nothing of the associations with *The Paris Sketch Book.* The Poe enthusiast can busy himself with the discovery of the Rue Morgue—so far as the present writer knows there is no street bearing that name—in picking out the home of the astute Dupin, and in following the exceedingly elaborate trail outlined in *The Mystery of Marie Roget.* If, twenty years ago, you were

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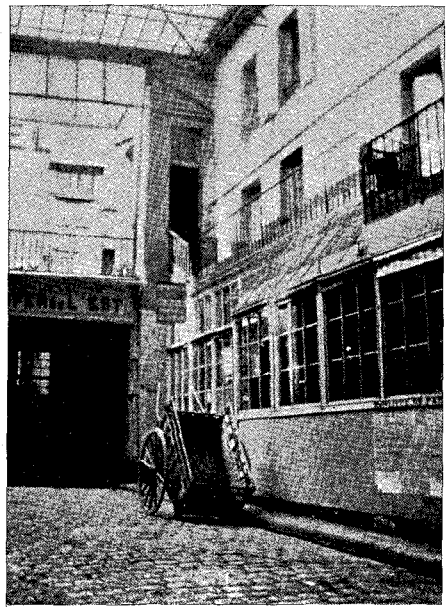
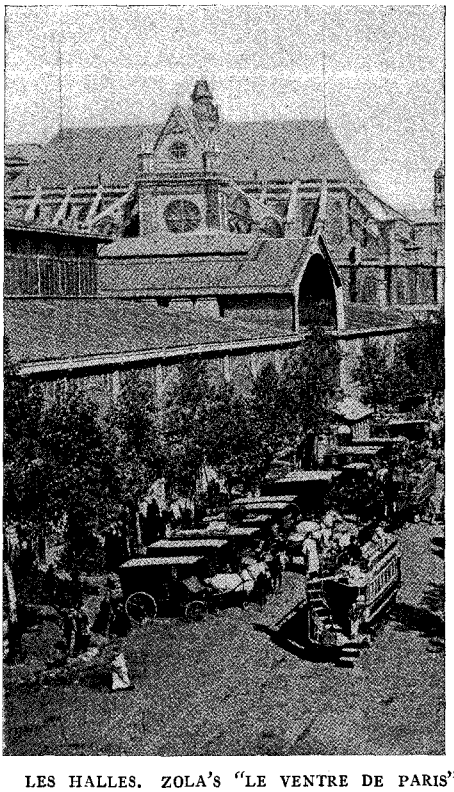


D'ARTAGNAN'S LODGING IN THE RUE TIQUETONNE

addicted to the somewhat sensational romances of Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter, you will find plenty of material in *Mr. Barnes of New York,* which, beginning at the Salon, takes you on that trivial but unquestionably amusing journey from Paris to Monte Carlo in the course of which the astonishing American starves Miss Anstruther into tractability; while in *That Frenchman* there is a picture of the Paris of the Second Empire that is as vivid as it is gorgeously inaccurate. Allusions have been made to the Paris of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's men and women, and to Mr. Tarkington's *The Beautiful Lady.* Lutétia was also the background of the latter writer's *The Guest of Quesnay.* The amount of fiction achieved by Mr. Robert W. Chambers has already reached appalling dimensions, but for sheer honesty of purpose he has never excelled that first volume which dealt with student life in the Paris Latin Quarter. One of the most striking tales in that collection was entitled "In the Rue des Quatre Vents," and if you were to spend two days rambling about the south bank of the Seine you could not very well miss making acquaintance with the street in question. It would be superfluous to emphasise the Paris of Mr. Henry James, for his characters are quite as much at home in the Avenue Bois de Boulogne as they are in Park Lane or in Washington Square. At the moment the present writer does not recall the particular book by the late F. Marion Crawford in which the French capitol figured, but it is hardly conceivable that there is any prominent place in the civilised world of which Mr. Crawford did not at some time write. With Mr. W. J. Locke you can visit Paris on the trail of *The Beloved Vagabond* or *Septimus;* Mr. Leonard Merrick is quite as much at home, if not more so, in Montmartre and Montparnasse as he is in Fleet Street or Earlscourt, and the Paris of the fiction of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



LES HALLES. ZOLA'S "LE VENTRE DE PARIS"

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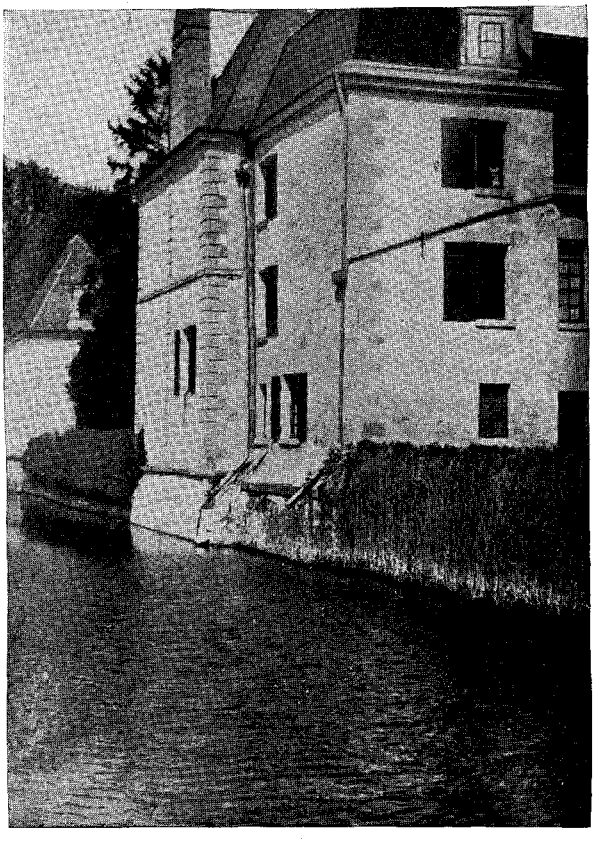
ranges from the city as it was in the time of the Hundred Years War, through the city of Louis XIV and the Maintenon, down to the modern city of the last incarnation of Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

VII

Perhaps no Paris has made a stronger appeal to the heart of the world than that embodied in the works of Victor Hugo. To begin with, *Notre Dame* shows you vividly the city as it was in a bygone age, takes you with Quasimodo up to the turrets of the old Cathedral, and introduces you to the sinister Cour des Miracles, where the beggars had their strange kingdom. A very small relic of this last-named spot exists to-day, and may be reached by five minutes' walk from the Bourse. As you stand in the Place de la Bastille you can reconstruct mentally the huge wooden elephant that stood there less than a century ago, and in which the gamin Gavroche of *Les Misérables* made his home. But perhaps the best way of all, to get the spirit of Hugo's Paris, is to trace the flight of Jean Valjean and Cosette from the pursuit of the relentless Javert.



THE HOME OF BALZAC'S EUGENIE GRANDET

That may be done without undue difficulty, and almost with accuracy. The flight began from the Gorbeau tenement, which had served already as the scene of so many thrilling incidents in the novel. The tenement was on the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, far over on the southern bank, near the home of the Gobelins tapestries. From there Valjean started with Cosette.

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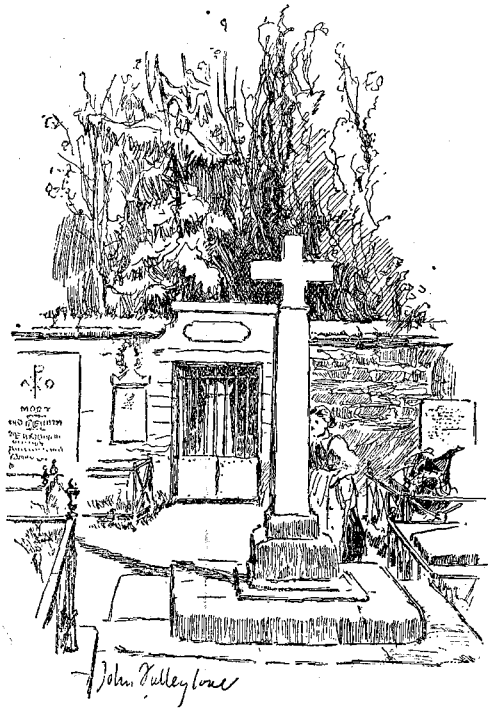
By a winding route he made his way to the river, through the deserted regions between the Jardin des Plantes and Val-de-Grace, and then turned strategetically on his tracks. Peering around a corner at the police station in the Rue de Poissy he saw the three men standing under the light and knew to a certainty that he was being followed. He turned back from the river, made a long detour, emerged again on the Quay, and crossed the Seine by the Pont d'Austerlitz. Thence, through the maze of old roads and lanes, he made his way to the high grey con-



LITTLE PICPUS, WHERE JEAN VALJEAN AND COSETTE FOUND REFUGE FROM THE PURSUIT OF JAVERT

vent wall, which he climbed, drawing up Cosette after him, and found refuge in the cemetery of Picpus. The late Benjamin Ellis Martin, a real literary pilgrim, with whom the present writer had two or three amiable disagreements in the matter of exact literary trails, has described this famous sanctuary as it was thirteen years ago.

Here is the high grey wall, stretching along the eastern side of old Rue de Picpus and the southern side of the new wide Avenue Saint-Mandé. This wall—of stone, covered with crumbling plaster—is as old as the garden of "Les Religieuses de Picpus," which it surrounds, and as the buildings within, which it hides from the street. We may enter the enclosure by the old gate at No. 35 Rue de Picpus, the very gate through which Cosette was carried out in a basket, and Valjean borne alive in the nun's coffin to his mock funeral. About the court within, the red-tiled low roofs of the ancient foundation peep out among more modern buildings. Behind all these and beyond the court stretches the garden, a portion still set aside for vegetables, and we look about for Fauchelevent's protecting glasses for his cherished melons. What we do find is the very outhouse, in an angle of the wall, on which Valjean dropped; it is a shanty nearly gone to ruin, but serving still to store the garden tools of Fauchelevent's successor.

VIII

The Parisian of fiction would be no real Parisian if there were not moments when he was possessed of the spirit of mild adventure, and ventured forth beyond the old fortifications in search of green fields and winding waters. In other words there are very few novels dealing with the life of Lutétia that do not occasionally take their men and women to Vincennes, or St. Cloud, or Versailles, or Enghein, or Boujival. Reverting to the Musketeers, we recall that it was from the castle of Vincennes that the Duc de Beaufort made his historic escape with the assistance of the rope ladder, the gag, and the poniard that were conveyed to him under the crust of a magnificent pie; that it was in a monastery in Noisy that d'Artagnan found Aramis; that it was to Saint-Germain that the wily Gascon conveyed the young king and the queen mother that night in the turbulent days of the Fronde; that it was at Rueil that he contrived the escape of his comrades and outwitted Mazarin. Bringing the Dumas trail down to later times, we have to go

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only to Auteuil to seek for the house in which the Count of Monte Cristo gave his wonderful dinner at which he invented the story that brought such terror to Villefort and Madame Danglars. Every turn of the winding Seine for twenty miles below Paris is associated with the tales of Guy de Maupassant, who loved the river only a little less than he loved the Riviera and the Norman coast. As you pass St. Cloud you can see the restaurant gardens where Monsieur Parent achieved the revenge for which he had been waiting twenty years. Farther down the river, in the neighbourhood of Malmaison, where Josephine lived after Napoleon had divorced her, and Bougival, are the scenes of "Mouche," "La Femme de Paul" and perhaps twenty others. If you are interested in the detective story in general and those of Gaboriau in particular, you will remember that half way between Malmaison and Boujival, and they are not far apart, was the cottage of the widow Lerouge, the scene of the murder with which *L'Affaire Lerouge* begins, a problem that was eventually solved by the ingenious reasoning of Père Tiraucair.

If in his wanderings among the environs of Paris the literary pilgrim happens to stumble upon Enghien-les-Bains, approximately eight miles north of the fortifications, he will find what, to the mind of the present writer, is one of the great settings of the scene in all fiction. One of the pretty villas with gardens running down to the edge of the lake was occupied by Rosario Sanchez, of Alphonse Daudet's *Sapho,* a book which the writer, after thirty readings, and more, holds to be one of the masterpieces of all literature. It was to this villa that Rosario invited Jean Gaussin and Fanny to display to them certain ancient wrecks of the Second Empire, and to dismiss them in a moment of furious temper. In a rowboat close to the shore Jean and DePotter sat and bailed, and the musician poured out his life story and urged it as a terrible warning to Jean. Leaving Paris in another direction by the Gare St.-Lazare one can readily find Chaville, where Jean and Fanny went to housekeeping with the Hettemas as neighbours. The house they occupied is within a stone's throw of the railway station. It was at Chaville that Jean left Fanny after what he intended to be the final breaking off of all their relations, and it was to Chaville that he returned impelled by an insane and inexplicable jealousy.

IX

Let us say that the literary pilgrims first landing on French soil is made at

HAVRE. THE PIER ON WHICH PIERRE AND JEAN SAT IN THE DARKNESS

Havre, that he has crossed the Atlantic by a vessel of the Companie Générale, or has made his way over from England by the little night boat which from time immemorial has been leaving Southampton at ten minutes before midnight and reaching its destination in the neighbourhood of seven in the morning. Fellow-passengers will be hurrying on to Paris, but the discriminating traveller will find much to invite him to tarry. Havre in fiction means primarily Guy de Maupas-

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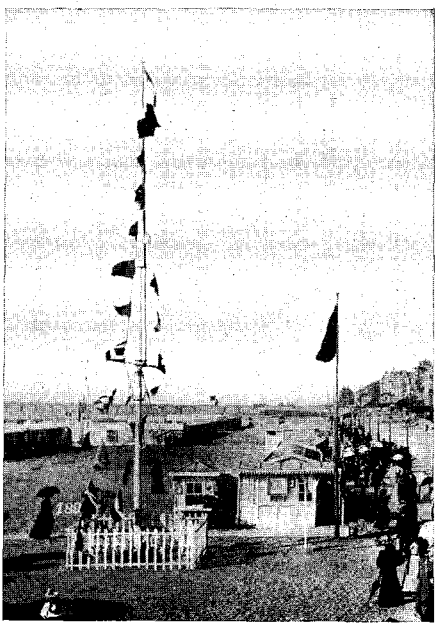

THE PLAGE AT TROUVILLE. MAUPASSANT AND OUIDA

sant's *Pierre et Jean,* and if you have read that book the chances are that Lutétia will be kept waiting. There, as you enter the harbour, is the long stone jetty where the brothers sat silent in the darkness, the mind of the elder aflame with his terrible suspicions. The blue water is dotted with dozens of fishing boats. One of these contained the family party consisting of the father and mother, the two sons, and their guest, Madame Rosémilly, described at the beginning of the tale. Off to the left, the coast line rises to the heights of Sainte-Adresse, where was Madame Rosémilly's residence. Disembarking on the *quai* after the unsuccessful fishing excursion, the family proceeded up the Rue de Paris to their apartment, where they were informed of the lawyer's call which paved the way to the news of the strange legacy. Not only to Havre, but to all this part of the Norman coast Maupassant established a literary proprietorship. Twenty miles to the north is Etretat, where he himself lived so long, and which he peopled with so many of his heroes and heroines. A little beyond is Fécamp, where he laid the scene of *La Maison Tellier.* Across the Seine from Havre are Trouville and Deauville. This is how Maupassant described the scene at night in *Pierre et Jean.*

Lights mark the entrance to the harbour; while beyond, across the Seine, can be seen still others, fixed or flashing, with brilliant effulgence and dark eclipses, opening and closing like eyes—the eyes of harbours, yellow, red, green—watching over the dark sea covered with ships; living eyes of the hospitable shore, saying by the simple movement of their lids: "Here I am. I am Trouville. I am Honfleur. I am the river of Pont Audemer."

Then on the illimitable sea, darker than the heavens, here and there stars seem visible. They tremble in the misty night—small, near or far, and also white, red, or green. They are almost always motionless, but some

ROUEN. FLAUBERT'S "MADAME BOVARY"

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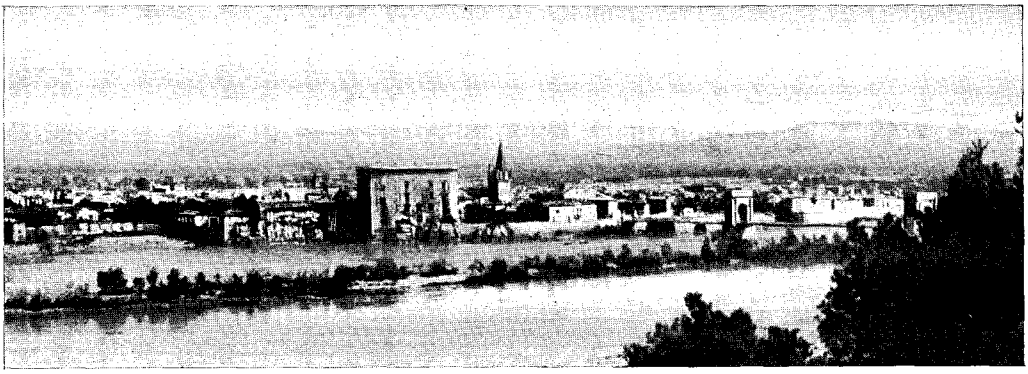


TARASCON. THE LAND OF TARTARIN

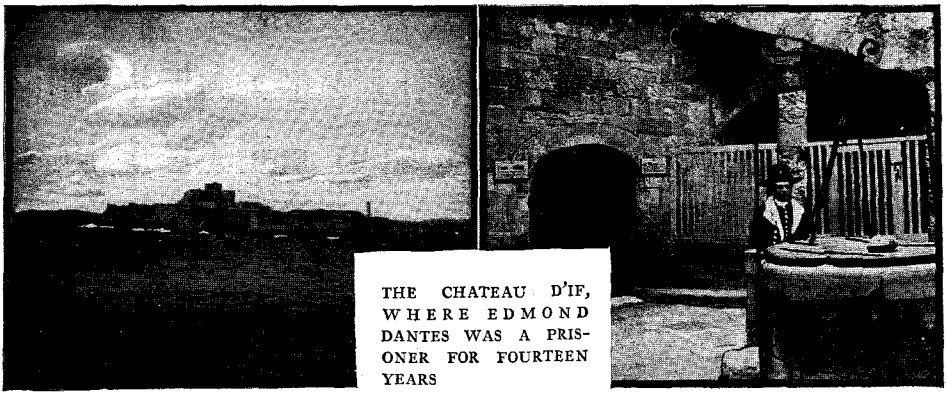
appear to move. They are the lights on vessels at anchor, waiting for the coming tide.

But the sands of Trouville have other and pleasanter literary associations than Pierre and his dark thoughts. Probably in twenty-five of Maupassant's tales that broad beach and its gayeties are conspicuous factors. Nor in contemplating the Trouville of Guy de Maupassant must we entirely overlook the part the place plays in a novel by a writer of inferior talent but perhaps of even a wider audience. It was in Trouville, as described in the beginning of Ouida's *Moths,* that Lady Dolly received her daughter Vera, and there that Vera fell in love with Corrèze, only to be forced into a marriage with the wicked Russian, Prince Zouroff.

One of the first stations on the railway line from Havre to Paris is named Yvetot. Perhaps there is no real connection whatever, but it is pleasant to remember that Béranger once wrote a delightful song (of which Thackeray made two admirable adaptations) beginning:

> Il y avait un Roi d'Yvetot
> Peu connu dans l'histoire,
> Se levant tard, se couchant tôt
> Dormant fort bien sans gloire.

Approximately half way on the journey between Havre and Paris is Rouen, and if Havre is the literary property of Maupassant by virtue of *Pierre et Jean,* the old Norman capitol came even more conspicuously to belong to his mentor in the art of literary craftsmanship, Gustave Flaubert, with the writing of *Madame Bovary.* Rouen is, on its historical side, essentially and first of all the



THE CHATEAU D'IF, WHERE EDMOND DANTES WAS A PRISONER FOR FOURTEEN YEARS

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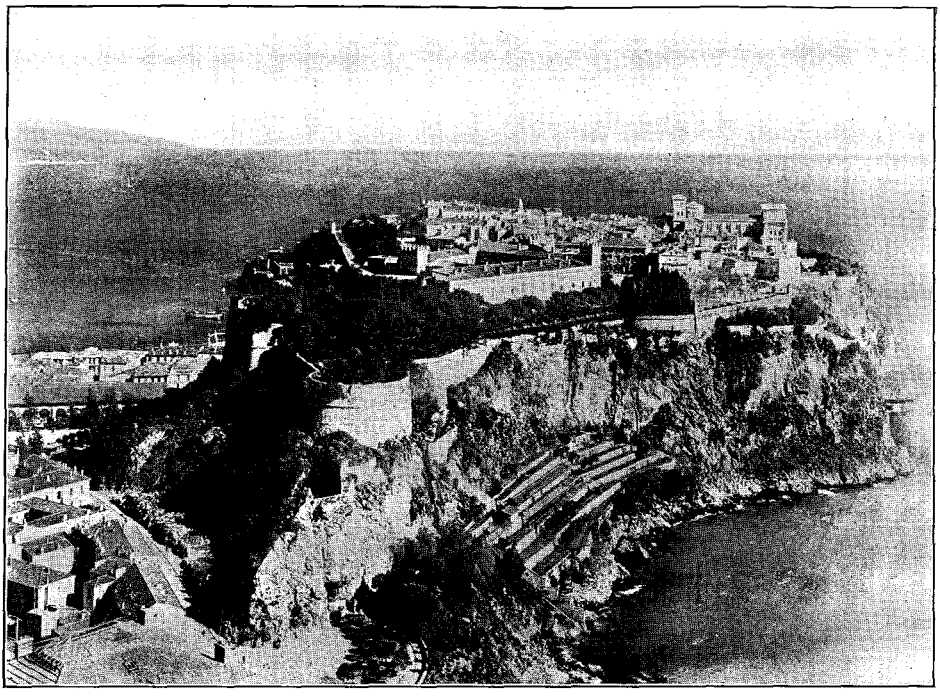

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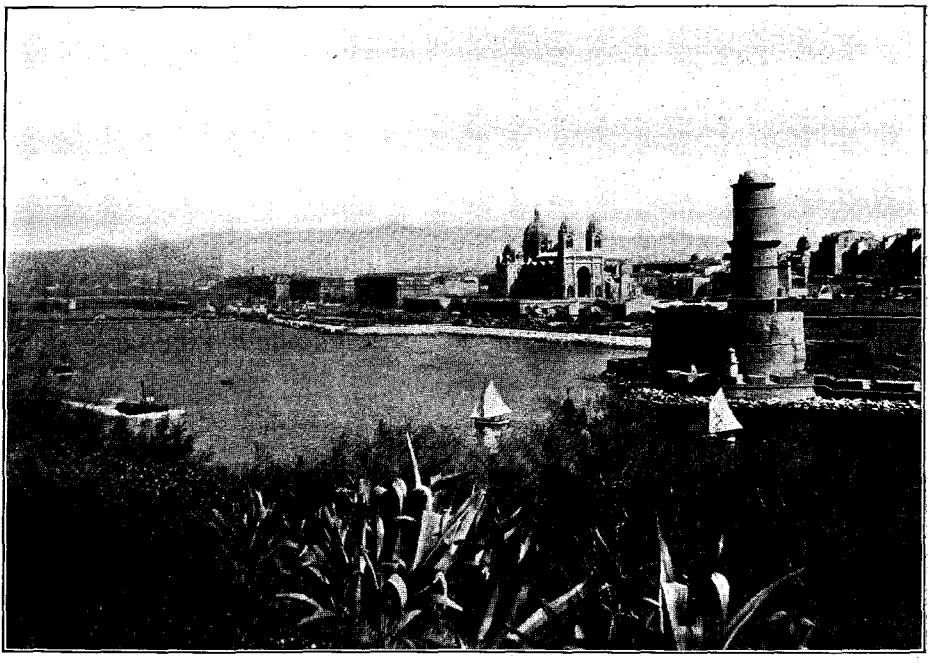

MARSEILLES TO-DAY FROM THE OLD CATALAN QUARTER. "THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO"

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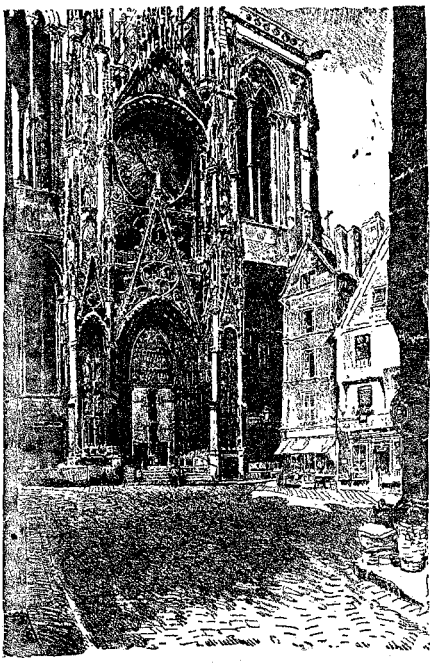
city of Jeanne d'Arc, and surely there is nothing in the history of France more dramatic and more romantic than the story, the true story, of La Pucelle. Yet, after all, how much less real to every one is the historic Maid than is Emma Bovary, who in one sense never had a real existence outside of the inspired pages of Flaubert. Hence Rouen is in fact not half so much the city of Jeanne d'Arc as it is the city whose quaint old streets and crowded quays bring back the curious adventures of that other woman, of whom it may be paradoxically said both that she never lived and yet that she will live forever.

The association of Rouen with Emma Bovary dates from the night of her arrival from Yonville—that night in which she saw Lagardy in *Lucie de Lammermoor,* and met Léon Dupuis after their long separation. The Bovarys, on the arrival of the *diligence,* had repaired to the Hotel of the Red Cross in the Place Beauvoisine, a conventional provincial inn with great stables and tiny bedrooms—one of the typical hostelries which added so much to the charm of France in the early half of the last century. At the time of Flaubert's novel the Pont Boieldieu was not yet built, and the Pont Corneille, the only bridge which then crossed the Seine, was known as the Pont Neuf.

The cathedral in which Léon and Emma met on the morning after the play is one of the finest in Europe. The north tower was built in the twelfth century. It was by the Portail de la Calende that they left the cathedral to enter the cab which was responsible for M. Flaubert's prosecution before the *Tribunal Correctionnel de Paris.* Despite the changes which took place during the latter half of the last century, the visitor at Rouen may without great trouble follow the streets named in this famous journey. At the beginning they were whirled down the Rue Grand-Pont to the quays. The Quay Napoléon named in the story is now known as the Quay de Paris, and the statue of Pierre Corneille on the Ile Lacroix, which marked the first stop of the cab, was the work of David d'Ange.

Only a few miles from Rouen is the town of Y, where Emma went to live soon after her marriage with Charles, and which gave Flaubert the background for his splendid genre pictures of Provincial life and types. Another suburb of the city is the village of Canteleu, described by de Maupassant in *Bel-Ami.* It was there George Duroy took his bride, who had been Madeleine Forestier,



"THE CATHEDRAL IN WHICH LÉON AND EMMA MET IS ONE OF THE FINEST IN EUROPE"

to visit his parents, coarse old peasants who kept a little cabaret. Humble as was this home of early youth, it was turned to account in the days of *Bel-Ami's* prosperity, when at Madeleine's suggestion he pushed himself into society under the name of Georges Du Roy de Cantel. In Rouen itself De Maupassant also had a share. The story of *Boule De Suif* opens there with the picture of the stage coach and its ill-assorted passengers starting on the journey. The city is also the background of eight or

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ten of his shorter tales; while to come down to more recent fiction a certain episode that happened there is not likely to be forgotten by any reader of Mr. Leonard Merrick's *Conrad in Quest of His Youth.*

X

It has been the aim of the writer to indicate that for the enjoyment of a literary pilgrimage it is not at all necessary for the pilgrim to take his fiction seriously. For example, it is about ten years since Mr. and Mrs. Williamson wrote *The Lightning Conductor,* a story of considerable charm and of no particular importance. Scores of American readers found in it an incentive to follow by motor car the route and adventures of the characters of the story, and their zeal is to be most cordially commended. For it matters not how slight the tale provided it supplies a new zest and a keener interest. As we take our places for the long journey southward in a carriage of the P. L. M. Railway, we may, without shame, decide to select as travelling companions the ghosts of Mr. Barnes of New York and of Miss Enid Anstruther of Kent, England. More than a million readers found amusement in Mr. Gunter's book, and if you happen to have been one of them, you will recall how Barnes, smitten by the young lady at first sight in the Salon, decides to follow her. Chance leaves her chaperon behind, and Barnes, finding her cold to his most respectful advances, decides to starve her into tractability. When you reach Dijon you may recall the diabolical ingenuity with which the American frustrates her every attempt to procure nourishment, and ten miles beyond, as the train is winding through the Golden Hillsides, you may sit back with the conviction that here is the exact point where the hungry English girl capitulated and accepted Barnes's bountiful hospitality.

Following personal inclination, the writer will leave that hero and heroine behind at Lyons, and look out musingly at the Rhone Valley, until, just as dusk is coming down, there is a slackening of speed and the train comes to a stop. It is Tarascon, the Lair of the Lion, the home of the immortal Tartarin. As you descend through the station from the level of the tracks to the street below look reverently and well at these worn stone steps. Down them, after the return from Africa, Tartarin stumbled, followed by his devoted camel, and warmed by the splendid sun of Tarascon, familiarly took the arm of the proud commandant. Then surrounded by the cap hunters, acclaimed by all the population, he placidly proceeded toward Baobab Villa; and, on the march, thus began the account of his mighty hunting: "Once, upon an evening, you are to imagine that, out in the depths of the Sahara——"

Tarasconian hospitality has to offer to the visitor within the city's gates two or three little inns built with stone and stucco, relics, perhaps, not of remote centuries, but certainly of days long before the town became immortal through the exploits of her Lion Slayer. The one at which the present writer first slept in Tarascon is known as "The Grand Hotel of the Emperors." Of course it was the Grand Hotel of the Emperors. Had there been in the vocabulary or in the sun-inflamed imagination of the Trasconese a title more sonorous, more magnificent, more grandiloquent, more imperial than "Emperor," it probably would have been something else; but Hotel of the Emperors it was and is—a tiny French inn of the type so common in the little towns of Provence, where one like to fancy that the city's Great Man was wont to come and dine in state, attended by Bompard and Bravida and Bézuquet and Pascalon and even the insidious and jaundiced Costecalde and all the rest of the merry company of cap-poppers and Alpinists and colonists.

Tarascon is a little white town of nine thousand inhabitants, situated on the right bank of the Rhône, some fifteen or eighteen leagues to the north of the Mediterranean. Not far away is Avignon, where once upon a time a Pope

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used to sit in state; and a few miles to the west there is Nimes, with its splendid Roman amphitheatre. All over these hills—the little Alps of Provence—Alphonse Daudet and his brother tramped as boys, loitering about the pleasant banks of the Rhône, listening to the music of the country's fairs and watching the steps of the *farandole*. Across the river from Tarascon is Beaucaire; and the two towns are linked by that long, narrow suspension bridge which Sancho Panza Tartarin—the Tartarin of the warm blankets, the knitted waistcoats, the knee caps and the succulent chocolate—regarded with so much hesitation and dread.

Round the city of Tartarin there runs a wide street, shaded by trees and lined by shops and cafés, known as the Esplanade. It was here that Tartarin trained himself for the hardships of his Algerian enterprise, making the complete circuit at double step six or seven times of a morning, a feat which does not impress one so strongly after one has undertaken the tour hallowed by his footsteps. At one point of the Esplanade a road, short and narrow, leads to the Beaucaire bridge, passing the old castle of King René, flanked by its four towers. It was the feudal stronghold, washed by the waters of the Rhône, that Tartarin in the days of his downfall was kept a prisoner. It was here also that his friend of the native quarter of Algiers and of the night watch in the copse of oleanders, the Prince of Montenegro, was lodged for three years at the expense of the State. You remember how it puzzled Tartarin that the Prince knew only one side of Tarascon. This side, of course, happened to be just that side of the town visible from the jail windows.

The town itself, ringed by the broad boulevard, is a labyrinth of narrow, winding alleys. Here and there in front of some municipal building there is a tiny, open place, dignified by the name of a square. In itself it is simply a town of Provence, quaint, it is true, to American eyes, but unlike other towns of Provence only because of its associations with the fame of Tartarin. Here, at the end of the Rue des Martyres, a street which seems to have remained practically unchanged since the fifteenth century, is the Town Hall, where the sacred figure of La Tarasque is kept, and where was held the famous trial described in the last chapters of *Port Tarascon*. What a scene that is! The heated court room, the impassioned harangue of the public prosecutor, the excited populace, the procession of witnesses contradicting each other and attesting each other's deaths, and, above all, Tartarin, serene in misfortune, firm in his innocence, suddenly rising and exclaiming with uplifted hand, "Before God and man I swear that I never wrote that letter"; then, on examining the document more closely, answering very simply, "True, that is my writing. The letter is from me, but I had forgotten it." The home of Tartarin is described in the first chapter of the book as having been at the entrance of the town, the third house, left-hand side, on the road to Avignon; a pretty little Tarasconese villa, garden before, balcony behind, very white walls, green blinds, and on the steps of the gate a brood of little Savoyards, playing at hop-scotch or sleeping in the blessed sun with their heads on the shoe-blacking boxes. There is much such a house as described in the place specified. Whether Daudet actually had this house in mind, or whether, in fact, he was thinking of any particular house at all, one cannot decisively say. Somewhere in one of his reminiscences has he not told us that the baobab villa was, in reality, some leagues farther south on the other side of the Rhône? However, the house on the Avignon road as it stands to-day is attractive enough, and one prefers to believe that it really was the abode of Tartarin.

XI

In the last chapter of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *Captain Macklin*, Royal Macklin, in his aunt's home in Dobb's Ferry, receives a message from General Laguerre, his old commander in the Central American revolution, offer-

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ing him a commission in the Foreign Legion. The curtains are drawn close against the winter sky, and near him there sits a lovely girl whose heart is hanging upon his decision. But stronger than the home appeal is the call of the blood. His eyes are blind to the leaping fire and the anxious face. What he sees is Marseilles, the harbour swarming with ships, the Zouaves with their swinging steps, Notre Dame de la Garde a shining sentinel, and beyond—the East. He will go. Again, in Robert Hichens's *The Garden of Allah,* Notre Dame de la Garde rises up, the same shining sentinel, symbolic, dominating all the first part of the tale. These two stories are mentioned merely by chance. There are doubtless countless others in which Marseilles plays a part. The trail of Maupassant is there, in the winding streets to the west of the Vieux-Port in the sinister story "Le Port." But all these are secondary, for the real literary proprietorship to Marseilles was established, and probably for all time, with Alexander Dumas's *The Count of Monte Cristo.* While vast changes have been made in the city they have failed to obliterate, or even materially to obscure, the associations of Dumas's colossal story. New harbours and vast docks have been built along the Mediterranean stretching away to the west, but there still remain the old port, and the Phare from which was sighted the returning ship of Edmond Dantes. That quarter of the city to the east of the old port which was settled by the Catalans, and where Fernand and Mercedes lived in 1814, has been materially altered, but much of the old atmosphere is still there and the old Spanish names. Beyond the Catalan quarter, in the direction of Italy, there stretches the Corniche Road, at one point of which Caderousse, in the days of his misfortune, kept the unsavoury inn, where he was visited by the Abbé Busoni, and came into possession of the diamond. But above all, out there in the beautiful bay, is the Chateau D'if, the scene of the really epic chapters of the romance. A small boat running from the Vieux Port will take you there, and in the course of the journey your musings are likely to be distracted by a persistent and ingenious individual, a Marseillais who looks for all the world like a down east Yankee, who will offer you marine glasses for which you first think that fifty francs is a reasonable price and eventually buy for five, to your subsequent chagrin. But once this episode linking you to the modern world is over, you are at liberty to go back in imagination to the old life and the quest of the True Romance, and in the dungeons of the Chateau D'if, dream of the death of the Abbé Faria, the icy plunge of Edmond Dantes, and the treasures of the caverns of Monte Cristo.

TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I. Pickett and His Men. II. The Bugles of Gettysburg. III. The Battle of Gettysburg. IV. Gettysburg. V. The Life and Letters of General George Gordon Meade.*

When Abraham Lincoln stood at the foot of Cemetery Ridge not long after the battle of Gettysburg and looked upward, some one said to him: "Think of the men who held these heights!" "Yes," he replied, "but think of the men who stormed these heights!"

The tribute which came so naturally from the great-hearted President when Northerners and Southerners were foes has not diminished with the years and the passing away of sectional differences. One cannot to-day think of the battle of Gettysburg without remembering the culmination of it in that wild charge of Pickett and his five thousand Virginians.

*Pickett and His Men. By La Salle Corbell Pickett (Mrs. Gen. George E. Pickett). Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.
The Bugles of Gettysburg. By La Salle

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In *Pickett and His Men,* General Pickett's widow has written a history of one of the most famous divisions of either side in the Civil War.

Oddly enough George E. Pickett owed his appointment to West Point to a Congressman from Illinois,—one Abraham Lincoln. The friendship between the two never weakened, and Mrs. Pickett records a touching incident of the troublous days after the fall of Richmond when a tall, gaunt, sad-faced man in ill-fitting clothes knocked at her door and asked her:

"Is this George Pickett's place?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, "but he is not here."

"I know that, ma'am," he replied, "but I just wanted to see the place. I am Abraham Lincoln."

"The President!" I gasped.

The stranger shook his head and said:

"No, ma'am; no, ma'am; just Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend."

The leader of Pickett's men received his first experience of war in Mexico, where, under Scott, he was engaged in all the battles of the expedition that fought its way from Vera Cruz into Mexico City. And he early proved his fitness to lead a charge at the storming of Chapultepec, the most brilliant feat of American arms during the war, where young Lieutenant Pickett led the way into the castle and planted the colors on the highest point.

Fourteen years later Brigadier-General Pickett, C. S. A., took command of a brigade of Virginians, and thenceforward Pickett and his men made thrilling history. They fought their first battle near the quaint old town of Williamsburg, Virginia, on May 5, 1862. A few weeks later they were heavily engaged at Seven Pines; at the bloody battle of Gaines Mill they were one of the two brigades that finally broke the Federal line; and again in the same year they had desperate fighting at the second battle of Manassas, and again at Antietam. At Fredericksburg they were in reserve; Chancellorsville they missed. But at Gettysburg, after a forced march of twenty-four miles on a stifling July day, Pickett and his men, now a division some five thousand strong, reached the battle late in the afternoon of July 2d. All the next morning the troops were under fire; and at three o'clock they marched forth, in long and even lines, upon the charge the memory of which will never die. Forty-seven hundred and sixty-one privates and two hundred and eighty officers marched down the slope of Seminary Ridge to the attack; a bare fifteen hundred in all came back.

Upon a road which ran across their line of march, and almost within grappling distance of the foe, was given, says Mrs. Pickett—

the grandest exhibition of discipline and endurance, of coolness and courage under a withering fire, ever recorded in military history; a scene which has made the story of Pickett's charge the glory of American arms. There in the road, with the deafening explosion of unnumbered shells filling the air, their ranks ploughed through again and again by the fiery hail which the batteries from the heights beyond were pouring into them, amid all this terrific roar and the not less disconcerting cries of the wounded and dying, they heard the command of their company officers: "Halt men! Form line! Fall in! Right dress!"

Imagine, if you can, these heroes reforming and aligning their ranks while their comrades dropped in death agony about them, the shells bursting above their heads, and an iron storm beating them to the earth. Yet the line was formed, and coolly they awaited the command, "Forward!" At last it came: "Forward! Quick march!" With perfect precision, with all the grace and accuracy of the parade-ground instead of the

Corbell Pickett. Chicago: F. G. Browne and Company.

The Battle of Gettysburg. By Jesse Bowman Young. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Gettysburg. By Elsie Singmaster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Life and Letters of George Gordon Meade. By George Meade. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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bloodiest of battle-fields, Pickett's division took up its death-march.

In the months of privation and terrible fighting that followed, at Newbern, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Five Forks, Pickett and his men played their part bravely. And so to the last chapter in the drama —Sailor's Creek, just before Appomattox, where,—

Overwhelmed by numbers, fighting hand-to-hand, they stubbornly resisted to the bitter end their inevitable fate. Many of the men broke their guns, and many of the officers snapped their swords in two, rather than surrender them to the enemy. They fought as heroically and nobly on this, their last battle-field, when all hope was gone, as they had ever done in any battle.

Stirring history Pickett and his men made, and Mrs. Pickett has recorded it remarkably well. With a spirit of *noblesse oblige* she lays as much stress, or more, upon the doings of Pickett's men than on their leader's. And, rare gift in a woman,—she is a good historian,—clear in the presentation of her facts, and at the same time unflaggingly picturesque and entertaining.

In *The Bugles of Gettysburg* the same writer cloaks historic fact with a bit of fiction. In the form of a romance she tells the story of a brother officer, and at times companion of Captain Pickett, from the time they leave the Pacific Coast and slip quietly away to join the army of the Confederacy, until after the battle of Gettysburg. Like most romances of the war time there is a big Virginia mansion, and a slim, dark-haired girl in white. But Mrs. Pickett knows these things, not from hearsay, or tradition, but at first hand, and one has only to hear her negroes talk to realise how true to life she is. And there is, in this little book, a remarkable description of the famous charge at Gettysburg —a description that reveals the charge from within, as it were; and as it seemed to the Virginians who followed their slender, long-haired general into the valley of smoke and bursting shells, and up the other slope, until he drew aside, and watched his "boys" rush past. Pitifully, so many of them were boys in their teens and twenties, and they crowded past him, yelling deliriously like boys at a baseball game, to death.

It has been said that shoes were the reason that the decisive battle of the Civil War was fought at Gettysburg. Pettigrew came to the town with a brigade of Confederates in quest of shoes for his barefooted men, and found there a force of Federal cavalry. He was driven away, but returned with reinforcements. The Federals, too, were reinforced, and in a flash the great fight was on. In *The Battle of Gettysburg* Jesse Bowman Young mentions the incident in passing, and shows how neither Lee nor Meade planned or desired to give battle at Gettysburg, but that those "two eager and desperately roused antagonists, the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac, once clinched in the death-grapple, nothing could separate them until they had fought it out."

The author was present at the great battle as an officer in one of the Pennsylvania regiments. And for a dozen years after the war he resided in or near Gettysburg, and in performing his duties as a "circuit-rider" became familiar with every village, mountain, and road in the neighbourhood. Add to this a life-long interest in the subject, and a vast amount of reading, and it is evident that the author is unusually well equipped to write about the battle of Gettysburg.

He has written a book indeed which will have a permanent value. While lacking the vividness and human interest of Mrs. Pickett's volume, it is a work of a very different kind. A comprehensive narrative, the author calls it, and this it is, giving the movements of different bodies of troops, the plans and mistakes of officers, and quoting liberally from that vast amount of published reminiscence, theory, argument, accusation and recrimination which has been put forth as freely as blood was shed at the time of the battle.

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Gleaming in a field which historians and authors of reminiscences have passed by, Miss Elsie Singmaster has devoted her little volume, called *Gettysburg,* to the inhabitants of the quiet Pennsylvania town where two hundred thousand soldiers came suddenly together and fought one of the bloodiest battles of the war. In short stories she describes some incidents of the battle as it affected the townspeople at whose very doors it raged; while other stories are about that later Gettysburg which has become a Mecca for veterans' reunions. Not all the stories are of equal merit, those of the later period disclosing a familiarity with characters and conditions which seems rather lacking in the stories about the battle.

It is a curious fact that the injunction of Abraham Lincoln which has been most laid to heart by the American people, namely that against swapping horses while crossing a stream, was disregarded by Lincoln himself at the most critical moment of his administration. For just three days before the turning point of the war, at Gettysburg, Hooker, by the President's order, was deposed from the command of the Army of the Potomac and Meade was appointed in his stead. Only three days before the change was made, General Meade, writing to his wife, says:

> I see you are still troubled with visions of my being placed in command. . . . I do not stand any chance, because I have no friends, political or other, who press or advance my claims or pretensions. . . . Besides, I have not the folly to think my capacity pre-eminent, and I know there are plenty of others equally competent with myself. For these reasons I have never indulged in any dreams of ambition, contented to await events, and do my duty in the sphere it pleases God to place me in, and I really think it would be as well for you to take the same philosophical view; but do you know, I think *your* ambition is being roused and that you are beginning to be bitten with the dazzling prospect of having for a husband a commanding general of an army. How is this?

This modest and frank letter, as from one comrade to another, is a fair sample of the letters from General Meade to his wife, with which *The Life and Letters of General George Gordon Meade* abound. Remarkable letters they are to pass from a soldier to his wife, possessing as they do unbounded confidence not only in their recipient's love and loyalty, but also in her intelligent understanding at all times of the details of his campaigns and the stage of his military fortunes.

In spite of his modest opinion as to his chances, Meade was appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac, and in a few days was fighting the crucial battle of the war. Level-headed engineer officer that he was, he was the right man for the place, and so maintained and strengthened his defensive position that Lee exhausted himself in fruitless attacks. That Meade's was not, at this strenuous time, a bed of roses may be inferred from another letter to his wife in which he exclaims:

> From the time I took command till to-day, now over ten days, I have not changed my clothes, have not had a regular night's rest, and many nights not a wink of sleep, and for several days did not even wash my face and hands, no regular food, and all the time in a great state of mental anxiety.

The victory of Gettysburg was not allowed to remain a source of unalloyed satisfaction to General Meade. The fact that Lee escaped with his army seemed incomprehensible to those who were not acquainted with actual conditions,—which number included the authorities at Washington and the public in general, and stirred up a vast amount of criticism. Of this Meade complains to his wife, saying:

> This is exactly what I expected; unless I did impracticable things, fault would be found with me.

And again:

> Your indignation at the manner in which I was treated on Lee's escape is not only natural, but was and is fully shared by me. I did think at one time of writing frankly to

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the President, informing him I never desired the command, and would be most glad at any time to be relieved.

We are rather of the opinion that this life of General Meade, prepared in part by his son and brought to completion by his grandson, is going to take high rank among the books of the year, not only from the fact that it contains the military memoirs of one of the foremost commanders of the Civil War, but because as an autobiography it is illuminating and full of vital interest.

Arthur M. Chase.

VI John Cave. VII Barbara Gwynne*

Upon the appearance, simultaneously, of two novels by an unknown, we are likely to jump to the conclusion that he is a foreigner. If the name be British, we class him with Messrs. Bennett, Merrick and Company, because we are reminded of the American expression of their vogue across the sea. Mr. Trites, however, is an Englishman only by force of circumstances, the necessity of finding a market for his work; by priority of publication and acclaim. With his novels labelled "remarkable" by a number of the best London critics and alluded to as "two very extraordinary books" by Mr. Howells, Mr. Trites has come home. For he is an American by birth and by education. He is a native of Philadelphia. But the conditions which he describes are common to all of these United States and the souls which he strips for our observation are the souls of every land and every age.

And what is there "remarkable" about these novels? Let us consider them one at a time, in their natural sequence.

"He wrote his stories without pity. . . . He never dreamed . . . of holding back a sentence because it might hurt." This is a partial characterisation of John Cave, a newspaper man—like Mr. Trites himself—whose experiences form the warp of the first novel. There was every reason for Cave's attitude and yet, insidious as a catchword, it affected, almost controlled the reader's judgment. Why? Because of his blindness through carelessness or preconception to the author's method, to his exceptional art. For an artist Mr. Trites is, first and last; and the secret of his art is an *intimate aloofness*. To be explicit, the nature of the material he has given us suggests sympathy with John Cave, a sympathy so deep as almost to identify creation with creator, but the manner of its giving is that of a chance passer-by with his mind on his own personal affairs.

The fortunes of John Cave are as multicoloured as those of any star reporter of our popular romances; but without recourse to limelight, without the subterfuge of sentimentality. We are offered John Cave as he appears to the eye of common day. And so he becomes one of us, a man whose experiences bear upon our own. We are not sure that we trust him, but we are friendly disposed for all that: interested, in any case. For John Cave is a commanding figure, when exalted by his ideals; an embarrassingly human one when wine promises to blot out the memory of his wrongs and failures. We share gladly his ambitions and we share also his bitterness, his shame. We share them because, in some degree, they have all been ours. This is the touchstone of Mr. Trites's appeal.

Successful in his delineation of man, the author becomes unconvincing—in his first novel—when woman is his subject. John Cave stands out as saliently as the Hurstwood of *Sister Carrie* or Kurtz in *Heart of Darkness*. Collier, Gray and others of "The Press," old Jake of Sunapee, Prudence's fat "friend" and many others could be singled out from a crowd. But opposed to these individuals—not types!—Diana Scarlett is as inconclusive as a dream. And even Prudence, a more vivid personality, is little more than a Humour, a Humour of picturesque waywardness, and that in spite

*John Cave. By W. B. Trites. New York: Duffield and Company. Barbara Gwynne. By W. B. Trites. New York: Duffield and Company.

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of her very material environment, her plainly defined weaknesses. It is only her last words, and not so much her last words as her last glance, her last breath, that reveal an unmistakable woman. This saving magic has not been exercised in the case of Diana. Physically lovely, virginal, almost ethereal, she is made to typify a purity of refinement utterly incapable of baseness,—the implication of her surname to the contrary! We accept her marriage with the backslider, John Cave. It would not be foreign to her nature. But completely alien to it would be the average preternuptial amour. Upon this dénouement, we feel that Mr. Trites and not Diana is the responsible agent and that we have been unnecessarily duped.

Diana's futile lapse from grace—and other situations which call for gloves, he has displayed an unusual sensitiveness to proportion and an amazing delicacy. There are no equivocal evasions, but there are omissions as eloquent as they are flattering to good taste and intelligence, —true omissions, by repression, not suppression. At least that is the effect produced, so natural and clear is the flow of language, so untroubled yet compelling its onward movement. Repression, indeed, is the keynote of Mr. Trites's whole method of projection. Rare are the occasions where he has failed to maintain this tenor of excellency. In addition to his adroit studies of men, he has indicated briefly but with great sharpness many phases of the economic and social evils which are now receiving so much public attention. Occasionally, there is a tendency to let a character's opinions—his own transparently veiled —verge on homily, but they do not bore us and so can be forgiven.

Mr. Trites's contribution to the folklore of journalism, old-fashioned and latterday, is more solid, more perfectly rounded, and rings more true than almost anything so far issued through this sub-treasury of fiction. What is more it is authoritative. He has also furnished a well-diversified feast for lovers of pure description: passages for those who are proud of the enchanting effects which the genie of our industrial centres have evolved with plumes of smoke on backgrounds of hazy blue or rose or gold; and passages equally suggestive for those who are drawn to the countryside.

John Cave is preëminently a study of the struggle between honest resolves and temperamental frailties. *Barbara Gwynne* is more complex. It contains, in the first place, both a thesis and a problem. Its thesis is "the dignity of a single purpose"; its problem, the war of the sexes, with the mutiny of animal instinct against self-respect as a crucial factor.

Obviously, this second of Mr. Trites's novels is the broader in scope and intention. It is unquestionably more mature than its predecessor. The themes, one and all, are handled with extraordinary sureness and skill. The characters are more numerous, more varied, and even more graphically differentiated than in *John Cave* and with no greater expenditure of words. Thesis and problem are alternated with a quiet dexterity which permits us to follow each undisturbed, although both of them are manywise motivated.

In Jerome S. McWade, we have a figure which will stand in the front rank of fiction. Jerome is the protagonist of the thesis, "the dignity of a single purpose." Dr. Ford, bacteriologist, is its nobler exponent, but a minor one none the less. Among the lesser manifestations of the same idea is Jacob Abercrombie, theatrical manager, a truckling henchman of the thesis. Jerome's ambition is to grow rich at any cost. He succeeds. The aim of Dr. Ford is an ideal: the service of humanity. He fails, not through disloyalty to that ideal but because of an intellectual egoism which allows his anger, though righteous, to get the better of him. The women, also, are studied in relation to this thesis, Barbara in particular. In her case thesis and problem overlap, but with the majority of the women portrayed by Mr. Trites, the paramount concern resolves itself into this question, paraphrased from a reflection of Mrs. Woodford's:

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"Should she deem her frugal, chaste years of self-denial well spent?"

In his second novel the women are neither marionettes nor automatons. Mr. Trites proves that Diana Scarlett was merely a blunder. Unlike her, Barbara Gwynne is spirit, flesh and blood, indeed very much of the flesh in the eyes of the specimens who pursue her haunting beauty. True love she appears to rouse in none but Jerome S. McWade, and in him it takes the form of a fanatical, unappeasable yet purifying hunger, the instinctive craving of a lion for a royal mate.

Mr. Trites begins both of his novels with a concise statement of fact and back to the fact in this statement he returns like a draughtsman describing a circle. *John Cave* is the more perfect circle of the two, because it stops short with the complete sweep of the compass. It is the more perfect circle, but its radius is much the smaller. *Barbara Gwynne*—but then the latter is in reality composed of two intersecting circles—*B a r b a r a Gwynne,* even granting this, should have come to a period in the penultimate chapter. It should have closed when Barbara "shook her head." But instead of shaking her head, she should have nodded assent. Why? Because her refusal was made to Jerome and we know that he is to dominate her—as he does!—just as he has dominated every obstacle from the start. We know this because the author is mercilessly logical; because his opening sentence reads: "Jerome S. McWade, 'grocery clerk,' dominated the little shop." And so the final chapter falls outside of the intersecting circles, nor is it an exact tangent of either. It rises from their juncture, but is not a tangent at all. It is a spiral, a broken one like a spiral of incense, full of lights and shadows, winding heavenward. It is the artist-draughtsman's musings in pencil, fanciful, symbolic—a wish, a hope, both of them tremulous with doubt. The last chapter is a very poignant prose poem, but it terminates with a wish or a hope which is made incredible of fulfilment by all that has gone before. The scene is the bull ring of San Sebastian.

> A half-dozen horses lay here and there at the side of the ring. A black and white bull, surrounded by small, glittering, gesticulating figures, pawed the sand in rage, exhaustion and despair. The flower-hung darts in its flesh rose and fell. . . . The bull, looking mournfully on its bright tormentors, bellowed. . . . The sky bent over the earth with a divine smile, offering its secret through the ages. . . . If man would but look up. . . ."

"Barbara, beautiful in her Eastern dress," had "lifted her soft eyes to the sky." But the toad-like gossips of Cinnaminson, the Yahoos, male and female, of the Fourth of July picnic, of the daily press, of the metropolitan green-rooms—man and woman, as they are penetratingly described in the pages of *Barbara Gwynne*—will *these* look up? *can* these look up? More profitable to both and to all is the "secret of happiness" propounded by John Cave in his hour of failure and self-abasement:

> His aspiring soul loved the sunlit heights. It loathed the pollution of the morass. . . . He knew the secret of happiness. Work was the secret. All else deceived, or failed, or perished. Friends deceived, drugs failed, passion perished. But work remained, kind and fair and faithful to the end. And the more ardently and devotedly man gave himself to work, the more ardour and devotion work gave back, the richer and finer the rewards that she extended with both hands.

Richard Butler Glaenzer.

VIII

Price Collier's "Germany and the Germans"*

"My sole task," says the author, "is to clear the German situation, and not by any means to set up my own or my countrymen's standards for their adoption. I much prefer Americans to either Germans or Englishmen, but I go to Germany to discover how German is

*Germany and the Germans. From An American Point of View. By Price Collier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Germany and to England to see how English is England. I am seeking, too, for the lessons we may learn from their successes. To sneer at superficial differences is to lose all profit from intercourse with other peoples." This is the keynote of the book; and consequently its admiration is warm and its censure temperate, and it is informing throughout. His comments are set in a quite remarkable perspective; and his plentiful statistics range not only through Germany and its history, but through the entire modern world. Alert for comparisons and generalisations, yet observing of daily detail, aggressive, yet preaching charity and mutual understanding, with heavy-fisted digressions on peace-prattle and fatty degeneration, yet with lyric interludes on Lincoln as well as the Kaiser, this book offers both variety and substance.

To make the German one in speech and ideals as well as in nation has been a colossal task, begins Mr. Collier, and it is not yet completed. He is still tribal rather than national, even though patriotism is with him not only a sentiment but a doctrine. The history of German unity is the biography of Bismarck. And the autocratic Prussia which made it possible still prevents the comparison of England or America with Germany. To neither country can Germany serve as a model either in its successes or failures, for it has no such thing as democratic or representative government. The Empire is governed by one man, who proclaims his independence to the people, and his responsibility to God alone. This may be a good or a bad thing. Certainly in matters of economical and comfortable government they are a century ahead of us, but they have obtained it under strict centralised control served by a trained horde of officials and backed by a standing army of over seven hundred thousand as a powerful police. All talk of what the German people will or will not do is vapid—the German Kaiser will do as he pleases. He is the master-key of every question, institution, or problem. The mass of the people are not disturbed by his repeated assertions of Divine Right. The very quality in their ruler we take for granted they must dislike is the quality that at the bottom of their hearts they adore and repose upon. For the Germans have been vouchsafed, they did not demand, such prerogatives and political privileges as they possess. It is a quality of the German character that they have been led and driven and welded by a series of powerful individuals. No Magna Charta, no Declaration of Independence is to be found in their history; and no vigorous demand from the people themselves.

Voltaire said that Germany ruled the clouds. Still it is more what they think than what they do and see that gives them pleasure. Besides their gregariousness, their chief national characteristics are their melancholic and subjective way of looking at life and their passion for music. The lack of chins is almost a national peculiarity and likewise no backs to their heads; this may be the reason they excel in the more nebulous arts. The German imagines he has done something when he has had an idea, just as the Frenchman imagines he has done something when he has made an epigram. Strange as it may seem in view of his wonderful commercial progress, he is at heart not a business man. With small curiosity about the political and social tides elsewhere, he has organised neither society nor politics at home. Berlin is not a capital by social or political evolution but by force of circumstances. Since the German has been trained in a severe school to look for knowledge not for news, he makes small demands upon his newspaper. And reflecting the people, the press is all anti-English, anti-French, anti-American. It is boorish and unscrupulous often, but it has none of our sensational qualities. Every gentleman in Germany must have been ashamed of the German press after the sinking of the *Titanic;* but with all their bad manners and bad morals, their journalists have trained minds indifferent to small social gossip.

A central government is responsible

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for most of Germany's successes. It is ruled socially and politically by a small group of fifty thousand men—eight thousand in frock coats and the rest in military uniform. Professor, pastor, teacher, are all muzzled by the state. The Prussian policeman is the greatest official busybody in the world. Just as the American and Englishman are brought up on emergencies, so the German is brought up on rules. The more he is uniformed, decorated, ticketed, and drilled the more contented he is. This has its good and its bad side. Mr. Collier's last visit to Germany completely convinced him of the wisdom of compulsory service, for the stern discipline of the army lashes the German Ulysses to the mast at that part of his voyage when he is passing the sirens. Thanks to a centralised government, also, there is no politics in public service. The streets of Berlin are cleaned for the benefit of the people and not for the pockets of a political aristocracy. In our country when a man can do nothing else he becomes a public servant; in Germany he becomes one only after ample proofs of fitness and a severe examination. The German is bewildered that our men of wealth and leisure do not devote themselves to the service of the state and city. On the other hand, it is evident that the orderliness of Berlin is enforced rather than voluntary, and the people are so steeped in regulations that they have no individual self-control and conformity reaches down to the very roots of their being. There is no adventurousness and people lose their youth quickly. An office-stool followed by a pension contents all too many men in Germany; and it is getting to be a very tired-looking nation. There are more rest-cures, rheumatism, heart, liver, kidney, anæmic cures than in all Anglo-Saxondom combined. Besides, whether it is Louis XIV who says "l'état c'est moi" or a state which claims that its functions are to meddle with the business of every man, matters little.

Almost as much as the enforced cleanliness and orderliness, the newness and crudeness of the people strike the American. A sort of bucolic naïveté possesses Berlin. There is no give and take or love of fair play, and manners are not so much intentionally insulting as untilled. Men in public are everywhere equipped with small brushes and small combs and small mirrors, and are in the childhood days of personal hygiene. In no other country is the animal man so naïvely vain, self-conscious, so untrained in the ways of the polite world, so serenely oblivious of the simple courtesy of the strong to the weak. Women are not taken seriously in Germany except as mothers and servants. One sees everywhere an attitude of condescension toward women among the polite, and of carelessness bordering on contempt among the rude. But it is largely the habit of deference on the part of the women which makes their men insupportable. Finally, it must be said that among the great powers no people are so comfortably and so cheaply clothed and fed or have anything like so many opportunities for rational or æsthetic enjoyment. Germany has the most intelligent, hardest-working, most fiercely economical, and the most rationally and easily contented population in the world.

Graham Berry.

IX

Winston Churchill's "The Inside of the Cup"*

When John Hodder left his pulpit in a New England town to become rector of the fashionable St. John's in one of the largest cities of the Middle West, he did not dream that the call had come because he was deemed "safe and sane." The vestry—headed by Eldon Parr, one of the foremost business magnates of America—thought they had found in him an orthodox and dignified, though virile, young man who would not, like so many other clergymen, meddle in all sorts of affairs that did not concern him and mistake Socialism for Christianity.

*The Inside of the Cup. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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So far, indeed, was he from having been affected by the dangerous tendencies which Eldon Parr feared, that he still had an ardent faith in the mediæval authority of the Church.

The congregation were not analytical, but they felt a certain anomaly in virility proclaiming tradition. "I feel all the time he *could* say something helpful if he only would," confessed one of the most thoughtful women in his congregation. But Hodder, who had found upon his arrival food for thought in the sordid squalor and vice which encroached almost upon the doors of the complacent, aristocratic church, began to be more thoughtful when he recognised the inadequacy of his counsel to a communicant who felt the perplexities of a more modern life than he preached. She doubted the wisdom of the Church in having resorted to a physical miracle to explain a spiritual mystery. But even when he put her off with mediæval books, which he fancied modern, she never doubted his sincerity and force. Nor did another lady whose divorced daughter he refused to re-marry. "The Church," she said, "should recognise that two excellent persons may demoralise each other if ill-mated. Perhaps one day you will be more in sympathy with these ideas." This encounter was another manifestation to Hodder of the anomalistic position of the Church to-day. And when Eldon Parr himself allowed the rector to see the secret grief in his own hard life, he recognised once more the futility of the traditional words of comfort and of rebuke. About this time, too, he began to see that honest and energetic young men did not bother their heads about spiritual matters any more. All these things set him to grave exploration of his own soul and of the cause he had espoused.

It was Alison Parr, however, who crystallised this disquiet. She was Eldon Parr's daughter and she had refused to live his life; instead, she had gone to New York and achieved success as a landscape-gardener. She had no faith, but she realised ardently this anomalistic position of the Church which was troubling Hodder. "It is founded on the brotherhood of man, and the nearest you come to it is organised charity," she cried to her father. "The social system upon which you thrive and which politically and financially you strive to maintain is diametrically opposed to the creed of your church. Your creed is the survival of the fittest; and you grind people down and then degrade them by inviting them to exercise and read books and sing hymns in your settlement houses. I don't blame them for not becoming Christians on that basis!" Hodder felt the passionate ring of truth in her voice, but to admit her contention would crumble into ruins the structure he had spent his life in rearing. For her extraordinary vitality and earnestness he felt both antagonism and attraction. "My father's real interest," she said to him later, "is in a social system that benefits himself and his kind, and he would have it appear that Christianity is on the side of what they term law and order. They feel instinctively that it contains a vital spark which if allowed to fly would start a conflagration. The theologians have helped them cover the spark with ashes, and naturally they wont allow the ashes to be touched if they can help it. You strike me as a man who actually *feels* something—whatever it is. But you and your religion are far apart as the poles."

It was then that the rector of St. John's realised that a crisis had come in his life—that he must submit his belief to the new historical criticisms he had neglected but condemned. The world no longer wanted a clergyman's solution—he must go off alone and submit his faith to an impartial test. But though he bought his railroad ticket, he did not go. Unexpectedly the retreat he sought was in the squalor and vice which encroached upon the doors of the church. There he found a woman whose suicide husband had, like thousands of other respectable citizens, been ruined by Parr's thinly disguised thievery, the Consolidated Traction Company; and it was another vestryman of his, a corporation

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lawyer, who had just enabled the financier to get around the law and keep out of jail. There he found a hard-faced girl, her beauty beginning to be devastated by dissipation, whom Parr's son had loved and wanted to marry; but Parr had bought her off, and the cynical reaction from her genuine love had cast her upon the streets. Before she met young Parr she had been a shop-girl in the department store of another one of the vestrymen who didn't pay his girls enough to live on. There, too, he found a man who went about from morn till night doing good and who had left a church from which the poor were thrust out. "How can we reach these wretched people who are the victims of the ruthless individualism and greed of those who control and claim the Church!" cried Hodder in agony of spirit.

It was the City Librarian who finally showed him the way. "We librarians are a sort of weathervane, if people only knew enough to consult us," he said. "We can hardly get enough of these new religious books to supply the demand. Years ago we couldn't supply enough Darwins and Huxleys and Spencers. But now you'd be surprised to see the different kinds of men and women who demand books on religion. They begin to miss it out of their lives. I should not hesitate to declare that we're on the threshold of a greater religious era than the world has ever seen." The scientific books had been Levellers of the False; the new philosophies of James, Royce, and the rest were Builders of the True. It was they that showed him, in fine, that the central paradox in Christianity consists in the harmony of the individualistic with the socialistic spirit. As far from the present political doctrine of Socialism as possible, its basic principle is the development of the individual into an autonomous being.

By this time Alison Parr had become to him a Beatrice who aroused the passion of the man, yet fired him to express the inexpressible. And he needed her inspiration, for he had come to the parting of the ways. When his congregation assembled again from their summer vacation, he preached them a sermon on the true position of authority and on the true meaning of charity, not ill-gotten largesse but service. Some of the members who had discerned that by imperceptible degrees had arisen a new and critical attitude toward the methods of modern finance, felt uncomfortably that the rector was right. But the vestry demanded his resignation. When he refused it, Parr applied to the Bishop for a heresy-trial and in the meantime suspended his salary. The church, largely emptied of its old aristocracy, became filled with a heterogeneous and not entirely reassuring crowd of new worshippers who came for many reasons, some hopeful and some not. The Bishop refused to recommend Hodder for trial. "I am an old man," he said, "but it has at least been given me to recognise that times have changed and that we are on the verge of a mighty future." Alison, foreseeing that Hodder would not ask her to share his doubtful prospect, came to him; and with clasped hands they faced it together. Parr told the rector he would not disinherit his daughter if he would resign from the church and save further scandal. But Alison refused the money and Hodder refused to resign, and Parr thereupon arranged to give Calvary the settlement house which he had intended for St. John's. "I have been misunderstood all my life and become used to ingratitude," he said with perfect genuineness, "but my gifts and benefactions shall go on as before. For the Church cannot do without the substantial business men."

It will be seen that the title of this novel alludes to the text: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess." It will be seen, too, that in view of more than one event of the year, this novel has almost startling timeliness. One's first impression is of its skilled craftsmanship. Temperate, ironical, profound, the opening chapters with cool accomplished sureness acquaint you with the people of this rich

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canvas, and with the theme. But gradually your impression changes. You perceive the author is interested in more than his story, and it does not need his personal afterword to assure you of the height and earnestness of his intention. For his vital theme sometimes runs away with him—or rather with his art, for even when he frankly preaches Mr. Churchill must be listened to. Yet if the story could always have been maintained on the human and passionate level of its main outlines, one would not have to admit to himself a frequent relaxation of the interest. One objects to preaching, however good, when one has been taught to expect something else. If there seem moments of aridity, it is merely because they damage their setting. And their setting damages them. The superb scene at the vestry-meeting after the sermon is precisely because it is kept within the legitimate field of the novel—more effective, than, let us say, the long abstract of the sermon itself, or even the duel scene between Parr and Hodder which comes perilously near being but an exchange of harangues. Throughout, indeed, Mr. Churchill makes little endeavour for the diction and rhythm of spoken speech. The lifelikeness of his characterisations is much prejudiced by the extended and architectural sentences and paragraphs in which they express themselves in order to make plain the author's reasoning. But even when his conviction removes it furthest from what it set out to be, it is a work of great significance and force; at its best it strikes instant and creative fire. One is proud of Mr. Churchill, and grateful for the bigness of his book and for the new spiritual energy which it furnishes.

A. Du Vivier.

X

Marie Louise Van Saanen's "Wild Grapes"*

"The American husband, my dear," said Emily Griggs, not without malice, to her friend, Lucia Ghent, in Paris, "is the only man on God's earth who would stand a woman like you for two days." Emily was cleverer than Lucia and gave her husband more for his money, but she was the same kind of product. Both were exquisite young creatures, good for nothing but to look at, who repay their careful tending as did the vineyard of the prophet which brought forth only wild grapes.

This novel is a sort of Strindberg picture, framed in France, of useless and devouring woman. None of the women in this book have any time for the husbands who are supporting them, and they cannot be mussed by inopportune caresses. But the story has waxed to its second quarter before its intention is disclosed. Throughout this time we are growing up with David Ghent. We follow his fortunes through several episodes—his running away when a young boy from his English home, his becoming a jockey in Sydney (where he wins a race that makes your blood fly with the horse's hoofs), his career as a powder-monkey in a Nevada mine, and as mine-master in Butte, Montana (where he faces in midnight battles and in more lawful but equally lawless warfare of the day, mobs of angry miners). All these things are interesting and in themselves well told, but as one gets to see what the book is about he feels it was unfortunate to have his attention thus distracted. One could learn with less detriment to the main interest that David Ghent had grown into a typical American. It is only on page 134 enters a woman at last. And then we see him become the typical amiable American husband.

Lucia's small head had a proud poise, her eyes were as blue as gentians, and her hair was the colour of wheat, her mouth was thin, and the narrow chiselled lips pink. The young man was intoxicated with her perfume and her beauty; he had never learned the subtleties of courtship and after a few days he went straight for his quest. He had chosen his mate, and in spite of her nervous and evasive response, he swept her off her

*Wild Grapes. By Marie Louise Van Saanen. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

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feet and she consented to go with him to Detroit and get married at once. After the wedding she took him shopping—for a veil and some hairpins, she said, but very soon he had spent the rather large sum of money he had brought with him. She refused to allow him to tell her mother of the clandestine marriage, and in a few days mother and daughter departed to Europe to be gone six months. The father, who was used to desertion, found a chance to talk to David alone. "Her mother is very ambitious for her," he said diffidently. "American men have a way of regarding their wives as children. It is not always wise."

David was allowed to accompany them to New York. When he saw her shopping, he was surprised to find her face grow suddenly keen and hard; and her eyes had a nasty glitter as she quarrelled with a woman over a pink kimona they had both seized at once. Left alone, he worked so hard to make Lucia rich that he fell ill; and a chance friend cabled Mrs. Earle and her daughter to return at once. This friend was very handsome, with sleepy-looking eyes and a cautious suggestion of feline elegance. When David was well, they all went together to live in San Francisco. Here he became very successful in business and she in society. But he still thought her a child—an extravagant child, though he didn't care so much about the money she was scattering as that he rarely saw her any more. With the other man the inevitable happened. When David discovered, he felt a fierce necessity to kill the man; but suddenly she seemed only a poor maimed animal whom he was torturing, and his murderous rage was quenched. He was very gentle with her, but little by little he became joyless, slow-footed, taciturn. When another man came along, and again his savage rage flamed up and flickered out, he began to perceive that Lucia, in her gentle helpless way, was without any real consciousness of wrong. Finally a business crash came, and he sent Lucia off to join her mother eagerly in Paris. He went down to Nevada to dig up another fortune; and here he was born again, and many sad shrivelled things fell from him like useless skins.

The fortune made, he ran over to surprise his wife in Paris. Buoyantly and joyously he rushed to her as to a promised land. He found her cool, beautiful, and tranquil as usual; but in her reticence he recognised a careless aloofness. She said he must go to a hotel, as the little apartment was only big enough for her mother and herself; and that she regretted she could not take him with her to a dinner party that evening. He was not long in finding out that she had no time for him whatever, but in her charming and elusive way she evaded all his blunt questions. When David was knocked over by a wagon in the street and out of his head for a month, she never came near him. Instead, she was quietly circulating rumours which might lead to a divorce with all the advantages upon her side. It was the definite proof of her unfaithfulness that gave him energy to get upon his feet again. When he was strong enough he went to her. She asked him to let her divorce him and give her money besides. He had not heard the rumours, and, true to the underlying chivalry of his nature, he hesitated. Why should he not go on playing the generous fool? he asked himself; after all, perhaps that would be the best way to end it. But when Jim Griggs found what was going on in his mind, he decided to speak out. "The question," said he, "is how much right has a woman to destroy a man's self-respect? Your wife has started stories that you deserted her, left her without money, drank, and closed your eyes to certain things." It was then that David Ghent realised that his grandmother Arnold had been wrong when she told him on her death-bed that a man must protect a woman at any cost.

Malcolm Lee.

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THE WORK OF WILLIAM MORRIS

BY EDWARD FULLER

THE achievements of William Morris were so many and varied that the contemplation of them inevitably raises one question. Why is it that, less than two decades after his death, these achievements are so inadequately appreciated? The publication in 1867 of *The Life and Death of Jason,* and in the following year, of *The Earthly Paradise,* convinced lovers of poetry that a great poet had been born to English literature. Swinburne had been known but a few years by his dramas, and had but just become a storm centre of criticism by his *Poems and Ballads.* Rossetti was about to become known to the public at large in a similar fashion. The popularity of Morris was more immediate than theirs, for one thing because he did not run counter to popular prejudice so belligerently. His radicalism, at that period in his career, took an æsthetic rather than an ethical turn. Then, too, the Romantic school had been a potent force in Victorian literature, and the new direction it was taking appealed to a large body of readers. It is true enough that the Pre-Raphaelites—those Tractarians of poetry—were often misunderstood, and that the excesses in which their imitators indulged provoked ridicule. But smug philistinism was not quite the dominant note of the age that Matthew Arnold would have us believe. Is it, in spite of our good conceit of ourselves, the dominant note of ours? Less sensuous than Swinburne, less morbid than Rossetti, Morris embodied the spirit of romance in a characteristically English aspect. He was not less native to the soil than his master, Chaucer. He was prized by his own generation. Yet he has suffered since an unmerited eclipse.

Has his fame been obscured, as Mr. Mackail suggests, by the variety of his accomplishment? The twenty-four volumes of the handsome new edition of his writings* reveal both its variety and its extent. The sixteen volumes which have already appeared contain his poetry, narrative and lyrical, his translation of Vergil and Homer, and the first of those prose romances which are to many readers the least interesting part of his work and which are perhaps partly responsible for the over-weighting of his fame. Those who love him could not ask for a nobler tribute to his memory than such a shelfful as this edition makes. It is printed at the Arden Press with an elegance worthy of the contents. Type, paper, presswork, are all that could be desired. The illustrations include a number of portraits of the author, his wife and children, reproductions of his paintings and drawings, and facsimiles of his remarkable illuminated manuscripts. These alone suggest the wide range of his activities. Indeed, it might easily be disputed upon this evidence alone whether he was greater as poet or as artist. It may be that in the second capacity he has exercised the wider influence. Not only in painting, but in architecture, the decorative arts, house furnishing, printing, he and those associated with him remoulded public taste. His work in a single direction seems almost enough for one man. And even though in this place he must be considered as a man of letters only, it will be necessary to touch upon his other achievements. His infinite variety was not casual and superficial; it was the natural and essential expression of his philosophy of life. His energies were, in truth, guided by certain fundamental ideas and devoted to a single object.

Poetry, prose romance, painting, mod-

*The Collected Works of William Morris. With Introductions by his Daughter, May Morris. In Twenty-Four Volumes. London and New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

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elling, illuminating, designing, household decoration, architecture, handicrafts—all these things at which he laboured so vigorously were means to the end of checking what he regarded as a false development of civilisation and restoring it to a true development. "My work," he once said, "is the embodiment of dreams—to bring before men's eyes the image of the thing my heart is filled with." And the dreams, whether revealed in the printed page, the applied arts, or the Socialist propaganda, were constant to that image. He held that the whole higher life of man needed refreshing from the fount of the Middle Ages. Nor was this mediævalism in the customary sense of the word. He was too sincere an artist to believe that art could grow by mere imitation, or to fall into the errors of the "æsthetes" of the time; the point he made was that we should retrace our steps only to start afresh. In a passage from a review of the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1884, quoted in the introduction to Volume XVI, his theory is explicitly set forth. He is speaking specifically of the art of painting, but he held similar ideas regarding all the arts:

> Those only among our painters do work worth considering whose minds have managed to leap back across the intervening years, across the waste of gathering commercialism, into the later Middle Ages; they are steeped through and through with the manner and ideas of the great Italian painters and their forerunners, and it is through this alone that they are able to produce their beautiful and, paradoxical as it may seem, *original* works; any one who wants beauty to be produced at the present day in any branch of the fine arts, I care not what, must always be crying out, 'Look back! look back!' It is no use playing with the question: those who wish to have art in these passing days must forget three hundred years and go to school with the craftsmen and painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

This is an intelligible and intelligent point of view, and Morris held to it consistently. Yet it is not difficult to detect the fallacy in it. The belief that history repeats itself is one of those errors which are all the more dangerous because they have a basis of truth. Given the same conditions it would repeat itself; but the conditions are never the same. All sorts of social and political heresies have arisen from taking the lessons of history literally. Morris was right enough in thinking that modern art had lost significance by "useless cleverness" or "meretricious platitudes"; but after all it was a record of the human imagination which could not be blotted out; the artist could not be as if the centuries had never been. The defect of the Pre-Raphaelite school as a whole was that it did not reconcile mediæval ideals with the spirit of the modern age, which of course was what had to be done to make those ideals a potent force. This is not to say that "the Brotherhood," with which the friendship and influence of Burne-Jones brought Morris into such close connection, did not in the end exert a noble influence upon English art in every kind. But there was always something exotic, even artificial, in its endeavours. Thus Morris's belief that the new art would come to birth among the handicrafts ignored the fact that an industrial civilisation had entirely divorced the artisan from the artist. And even the religion of Socialism could not overcome the influence of the labour unions. This is not to say, of course, that the attempt to bring art into common life, to give the craftsman joy in his work, to create an atmosphere of beauty everywhere, was fallacious or futile. On the contrary, every one must recognise how much Morris and his coworkers did to promote these things. The point is that their enthusiasm led them to overlook material obstacles inherent in modern ways of living.

So far as Morris personally was concerned, it is quite possible that his manifold activities had something to do with the partial obscuration of his fame. The British public, that for a very different reason like Browning not, could not un-

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derstand an artist and writer who "lived over his shop," and turned from painting and poetry to wall-papers and vegetable dyes, who called himself "a decorator by profession" and founded the Kelmscott Press because he wanted a new fount of type. The combination of ideal and practical is one which that public has always comprehended with difficulty. The men of the Renaissance would have understood him. He was a Leonardo da Vinci, born out of his due time. The men of his own time did not conceive of the identity of art and life which Morris preached and practised. When he joined the ranks of the Socialists they were simply scandalised that a man of his position could join hands with demagogues and agitators, and when he talked about the religion of Socialism they did not know what to make of it. Yet from his own theory of the relation of art to life this was a perfectly logical action. There must be better conditions for the working class before you can get better work. The trouble was that the Socialists understood him and his theory as little as the Philistines did. He found himself involved in political instead of æsthetic propagandism, and wasted his energy in trying to organise a social revolution by addressing street meetings. He became convinced after a time, to be sure, that such a revolution was not practicable, and spent his remaining years largely in reviving the fifteenth century art of printing at the Kelmscott Press. But this episode in his career was not to the advantage of his fame. He wrote his prose romances during it, and these reveal one side of his genius. Whatever may be said of the poetry which intersperses them, they represent a narrative style which is essentially vicious. Good prose and good poetry are two distinct things, and a mixture of the two is bound to be bad. This, I know, is not the opinion of Mr. Watts-Dunton and the critics of his school.

The question naturally arises whether the narrative style of Morris in pure poetry has similar defects. The answer to this, I think, must be mainly in the negative. He is, of course, deliberately archaic. Chaucer was his avowed master, and both in *Jason* and *The Earthly Paradise* the Chaucerian model is obvious. Yet to call him an imitator of Chaucer would be absurd. Similarly he has points of contact with Spenser, although his verse, despite certain superficial resemblances, is essentially unlike his. The truth is that the medium he selected was the fitting medium for the kind of story he had to tell—the kind of story in which the mediæval poets took delight. So in his noble epic, *Sigurd the Volsung,* he falls, instinctively as it were, into the galloping metre of the earlier chroniclers. Now when these poems first appeared it may readily be understood that their very novelty of form and style materially aided their popular acceptance. No other poet of the time had attempted anything of the kind; the archaisms of Swinburne and Rossetti were of a wholly different quality, and Tennyson's Arthurian legends were deliberately modernised, both as to language and ideas. Thus to a public to the larger part of which Chaucer and Spenser were little known Morris made a peculiar appeal. Here was a new note in poetry. Nor was this all. It was a note of rare beauty. The style, to be sure, is occasionally diffuse, and it becomes a trifle monotonous, now and then, by lack of contrast. To appear in dictionaries of quotations is not a final test of merit, to be sure, but it means that a writer has caught in some especial way the ears of readers. There is not a line by Morris in Bartlett, Benham or Allibone, and the four passages in Stokes do not include the two phrases which might fairly be called familiar—"the idle singer of an empty day" and "dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time." In a sense this is a trivial circumstance. Nevertheless it suggests one reason for the comparative indifference of a later generation to poetry that has so many elements of charm.

And it further suggests the proper point of view from which to regard this

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poetry. Morris himself would probably have had it judged by its excellence as a whole than by its appeal in detail. His was, in fact, the narrative, not the lyric gift. This does not mean that he never struck the lyrical note; that could not be said of the man who wrote such lines as these:

"He did not die in the night,
He did not die in the day,
But in the morning twilight
His spirit pass'd away,
When neither sun nor moon was bright,
And the trees were merely grey."

It is not in him, however, to rise, except on rare occasions, to the first, fine careless, rapture of Browning and his thrush. Morris's poem on April is as different as can be from the familiar lines—

"Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's there."

The picture of the coming spring is perfect, but it is painted in other colours:

"O fair midspring, besung so oft and oft,
How can I praise thy loveliness enow?
Thy sun that burns not and thy breezes soft
That o'er the blossoms of the orchard blow,
The thousand things that 'neath the young leaves grow,
The hopes and chances of the growing year,
Winter forgotten long, and summer near."

There is nothing here, perhaps, to catch the outward eye at once; the reader must let the lines drift for a time through his imagination, as it were; yet they will—not flash, but glimmer—upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude.

We shall not appreciate his poetry, however, by extracts, elegant or other. It must be read in the mass before the charm of it works completely. It is distinctly poetry of the romantic school, just as Scott's and Byron's was, though in a different framework; unless it is judged in its entirety it cannot be judged at all. It flows smoothly and easily, and the individual felicities are seen best in retrospect. There are those who think that in *Sigurd the Volsung* the poetical art of Morris reached its highest point; and certainly it would be no exaggeration to call it the greatest epic of romanticism. But to many it lacks the peculiar charm of *The Earthly Paradise*. The dominion of iambic pentametre is so well established in English poetry that the adoption of any other metre for heroic verse seems to call for explanation and apology. And it may be said, fairly enough, that this dominion is proof of its superiority to the purpose. But one would hardly care to have the splendid swing of *Sigurd* reduced to that slower if statelier stride:

"And he gathered the reins together, and set his face to the road,
And the glad steed neighed beneath him as they fared from the King's abode,
And out past the dewy closes; but the shouts went up to the sky,
Though some for very sorrow forbore the farewell cry,
Nor was any man but heavy that the godlike guest should go;
And they craved for that glad heart guileless, and that face without a foe."

It would be difficult to conceive of a form better adapted to the matter. The skill of Morris in choosing it was as unerring as that of Scott in choosing the metre of *Marmion* or of Byron in choosing the metre of *Don Juan*. Is it wholly an uncritical judgment to find in such an artist the very flower of the romantic school? I do not know who, considering his work as a whole, could be found to surpass him. He had, of course, the defects of his qualities. His translation of the *Æneid* was not a good translation, despite its many effective lines, because it misses the calm and classic atmosphere of Vergil. The difficulties of translation are indeed in some respects insuperable. But they cannot be overcome by evading them; and this is what Morris did when he told the story of Æneas in the manner of Sigurd. It is magnificent, but it is not Vergil.

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Upon what phase of his activity, it may be asked, is the fame of William Morris destined to rest? Without disparaging his other gifts, it may be said that his gift of poetry was the supremest. To painting he gave but a distracted attention, and his work in the decorative arts necessarily cannot secure so wide an audience as his work in literature. He has passed through his period of obscurity as poet, like most of his fellows. May not so noble a monument as this edition of his writings revive interest in him and add to his praise?

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of May and the 1st of June.

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. The Impossible Boy. Putnam. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
2. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.20.
5. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) $3.50.
2. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Impressions and Opinions. George Moore. (Brentano.) $1.35.
4. Three plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Texan Scouts. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. Helen over the Wall. Gilchrist. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Tree People. K. Dopp. (Rand McNally.) 45 cents.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Robert Browning. Camberwell edition. (Crowell.) $9.00.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. The Task of Social Hygiene. Ellis. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
4. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse Hopkins.) $1.00.

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JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. Motor Boys Over the Border. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.
3. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1 The American Flower Garden. Blanchan. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) $3.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Little Princess. Burnett. (Scribner.) $2.00.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Right of the Strongest. Greene. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
3. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Tales of the Mermaid Tavern. Noyes. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. Silver Island of the Chippewas. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.
3. Harper's Book for Young Naturalists. Verrill. (Harper.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Heart of Night Wind. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Uphill Climb. Bower. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

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JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Sunbridge Girls at Six Star Ranch. Stuart. (Page.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
3. The Hill of Venus. Gallizier. (Page.) $1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
5. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Republic and Other Homespun Verse. Cawein. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.00.
2. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.25.
3. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.
4. Black Bass. Henshall. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
2. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Master Skylark. Bennett. (Century Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.35.
3. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. Martha-by-the-day. Lippman. (Holt.) $1.00.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Road of Living Men. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.35.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
5. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Plays. Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) $1.50.
2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
3. George Washington. Wilson. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The Joys of Living. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scout's Manual. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.60.
3. Uncle Remus. Harris. (Appleton.) $1.60.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Invaders. Allen. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
2. The Uphill Climb. Bower. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Girl of Golden Gate. Meloney. (Clode.) $1.25.
5. The Silent Battle. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) $1.00.
2. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Spring Days. Moore. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Motor Boys Over the Border. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Alma's Sophomore Year. Breitenbach. (Page.) $1.50.

DES MOINES, IOWA

FICTION

1. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.20.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
5. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

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JUVENILES

1. The Go-Hawk Series. Stapp. (McKay.) $1.00.
2. Boy Scouts of the Air Series. Stuart. (Reilly and Britton.) 60 cents.
3. The Books of Woodcraft. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
5. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
6. The Road of Living Men. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
4. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) $3.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Making of Thomas Burton. Nicholas. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Woman Movement. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. New City Government. Bruere. (Appleton.) $1.50.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Parrot and Company. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Unforgiving Offender. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Motor Boy Series. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Rover Boy Series. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.20.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Philosophy of Change. Carr. (Dodge.) 20 cents.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. Education of the Will. Payot. (Funk and Wagnalls.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mother West Wind's Children. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
2. Mother West Wind's Animal Friends. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. Little Colonel's Holidays. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
5. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

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NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. The Play of To-day. Hunt. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. California Coast Trails. Chase. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
4. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) $2.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Unforgiving Offender. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
3. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
4. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
5. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.20.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Little Thank You. O'Connor. (Putnam.) $1.25.
5. Gertrude. Hungerford. (McBride, Nast.) $1.25.
6. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Social Life in the Insect World. Fabre. (Century Co.) $3.00.
2. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Mark Twain and the Happy Island. Wallace. (McClurg.) $1.00.
4. Nogi. Washburn. (Holt.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. The Texan Star. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Tale of Mr. Todd. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) $1.00.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Complete Poetical Works. Noyes. (Stokes.) $2.00.
4. Baedeker's Guide Books. (Scribner.)

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Pocket Classics. (Macmillan.) 80 cents.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. The Career of Doctor Weaver. Backus. (Page.) $1.25.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Dramas. Hauptmann. Huebsch. $1.50.
2. The Eldest Son. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
3. The Inferno. Strindberg. (Putnam.) $1.25.
4. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. (Hodder.) and Stoughton.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 50 cents.
3. Dave Porter and The Runaways. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.25.

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NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.25.
5. Parrot and Company. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
6. Back Home. Cobb. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Sunlit Road. Horder. (Dodge.) $2.00.
3. Lyric Diction. Jones. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. Old Time Belles and Cavaliers. Sale. (Lippincott.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
3. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) $2.50.
4. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. The S. W. F. Club. Elliott. (Jacobs.) $1.00.
3. Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Sylvia. Sinclair. (Winston.) $1.20.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
6. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Life and Letters of General Meade. Meade. (Scribner.) $7.50.
3. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) $3.50.
4. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) $1.00.
5. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. Once Aboard the Lugger. Hutchinson. (Kennerley.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, MAINE

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
4. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.

PORTLAND, OREGON

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) $1.50.

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JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. Guenevere's Lover. Glynn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Truth About the *Titanic*. Gracie. (Mitchell.) $1.25.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. My Russian Year. Reynolds. (Pott.) $2.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. American Nobility. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. Desert Gold. Gray. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Field Days in California. Torrey. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The New Industrial Day. Redfield. (Century Co.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scout Manual. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon. Thorne-Thomsen. (Row, Peterson and Company.) 60 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
5. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Hindle Wakes. Houghton. (Luce.) $1.00.
2. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.50.
3. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly and Britton.) $2.50.
4. Marriage and the Sex Question. Forster. (Stokes.) $1.35.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. Care-Free San Francisco. Dunn. (Robertson.) $1.00.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
4. The Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Baldy of Nome. Darling. (Robertson.) $1.00.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.20.
5. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.

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2. Alaska an Empire in the Making. Underwood. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Silver Island. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.
3. Dave Porter and the Runaways. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) $1.35.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Within the Law. Dana and Veiller. (Fly.) $1.25.
4. The Apple of Discord. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

TORONTO, ONT.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Musson.) $1.25.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (McLeod.) $1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Copp-Clark.) $1.50.
4. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Mussons.) $1.25.
5. The Fetters of Freedom. Brady. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (McClelland.) $1.50.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. Within the Law. Dana and Veiller. (Fly.) $1.25.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Parrott and Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
6. The Upper Crust. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann the Iconoclast. (Herz Bros.) $3.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. The Truth about the *Titanic*. Gracie. (Kennerley.) $1.25.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
4. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts Hand-book. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Book of Camp-Fire Girls. (Camp-Fire Girls.) 25 cents.
3. Dave Porter and the Runaways. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35	275
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40	210
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	182
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35	175
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35	115
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	70

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Drawn by Walter Hale. See article "The Literary Baedeker."

THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE

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